MANN'S MEASUREMENT OF GENIUS, By Paul Rosenfeld

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXII No. 18 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1940 FIFTEEN CENTS

HISTORY AND THE HISTORICAL NOVEL
By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot

"IDLE MONEY—IDLE MEN"
By Stuart Chase
Reviewed by Paul H. Douglas

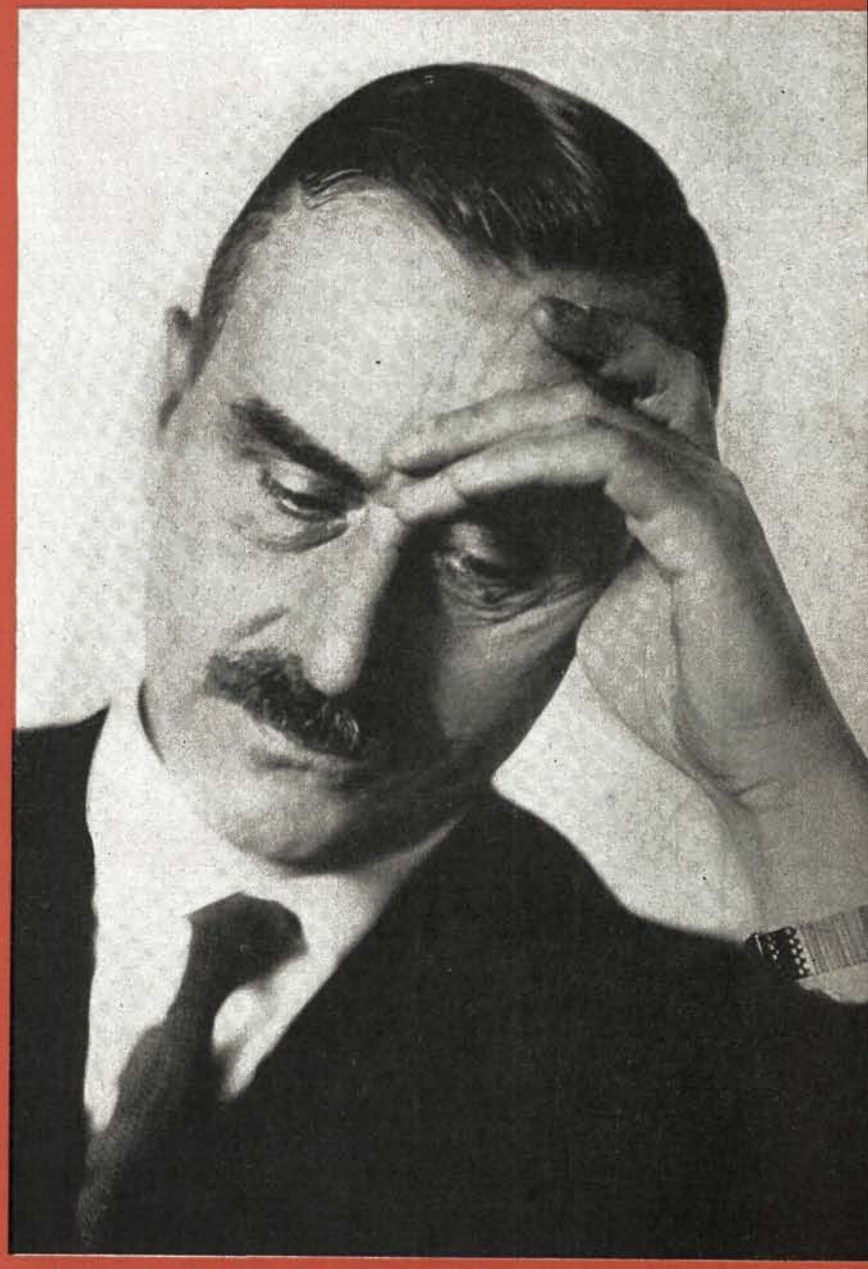
"THE POOL OF VISHNU"
By L. H. Myers
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

"THE DELAWARE"
By Harry Emerson Wildes
Reviewed by Cornelius Weygandt

"HAWKEYES"
By Phil Stong
Reviewed by Rose Henderson

"ORIENTAL ASSEMBLY"
By T. E. Lawrence
Reviewed by Stuart Lillico

"ARCHITECTURE THROUGH THE AGES"
By Talbot Hamlin
Reviewed by Sheldon Cheney



THOMAS MANN's: "The Beloved Returns" presents a fresh, profound, dramatically unfolded picture of . . . the figure of the "Sage of Weimar" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have the honor of announcing the publication of

DUTCH VET

by Anton Roothaert

A novel about a veterinarian in Holland that is as fine as it is unusual; a completely rounded, satisfying adult book, with the print of life itself on its pages.

We see in DUTCH VET qualities that make it of special appeal to American readers in these uncertain times. For, first, it offers the reader a definite, constructive, compensating philosophy of life in the story of a man of the type we encounter all too rarely—the man who persists, despite every handicap, in working persistently at some hard and unremunerative, but honorable calling. In a time of false prophets and fluctuating values, it is a pleasure to read about so steadfast a figure.

Secondly, for sheerly enjoyable, straightforward writing, this novel has been seldom equalled, never surpassed. Roothaert's prose is simple, but strong and flavorsome, like the sturdy folk of whom he writes. In this book are hearty gusts of laughter, small tragedies of everyday existence, the deep, wholesome thrill of individual accomplishment, the satisfaction of life well lived.

Over and above all is the paramount *honesty* of the book. It should have an irresistible appeal for all "men of good will" who believe in the essential worth of human nature. Here are the eternal verities movingly set forth, realities that neither war nor changing fashion can put aside: the stuff of life itself.

You will seldom find a novel which so quickly puts you right into the middle of the story and which holds you so firmly fascinated until the end.

at all book-stores, $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

History and the Historical Novel

WHERE FACT AND FANCY MEET AND PART

ARTHUR BERNON TOURTELLOT

ONE of the most conspicuous characteristics of the past decade has been the extraordinary number and wide popularity of historical novels. In America this enthusiasm has long since passed the stage of an ephemeral trend and bids fair to become a permanent part of our literary life. It is not enough to say that the historical novelist has fallen heir to the comfortable mantle of Harold Bell Wright, for he does more than entertain or provide escape. He does more, too, than instruct, which is in itself good, sound Johnsonian orthodoxy.

Beyond this immediate entertainment and instructive value, there is attached to the historical novel a definite, peculiar, and enduring value which is no more negligible than is the worth of the novel of contemporary social significance and is apt to be much less transitory. Indeed, if the novel that searches or feels its way through the contemporary scene may be called an outward and visible sign of the present becoming conscious of itself, then the historical novel may be evidence of the present discovering its own past—a no less healthy indication of a people's maturity in the art of expression.

It is very true that the historical novel is a hybrid form of art, springing from history and fiction just as opera springs from music and drama. But that does not affect its validity as an important literary form. Opera has a classical heritage from the days of the Greek chorus drama; and the historical novel has a classical heritage from Homer and from Virgil, both of whom mingled history and fiction to produce an opulent literature. The popular allegation, one still frequently heard in academic circles, that the historical novel is fundamentally a sugar-coated dose of history, the novelist's trick being to make it palatable for mass consumption, is thus no more sound than is the statement that opera is nothing but a sugar-coated dose of music, the composer's trick being merely to make it exciting to the public ear. Properly speaking, of course, what the operatic form attempts to do, with however limited success in some instances, is to supplement music with drama, to make it more alive, more real, and much nearer to the listener. And the historical novel attempts to supplement history with fiction, making history more alive, more real, and much nearer to the reader. This is by no means the only function of the historical novel, but it is perhaps the most universal one, the one value which the great majority of historical novels, however unsatisfactory they may be otherwise, can claim as their own.

Now just as the greatest value of most opera resides less in its dramatic element than in its musical, the chief value of most historical novels centers less about its fictional than about its historic element. Once in a while a genius may come along—as, for example, Thomas Mann—who writes a great work in which the historic element is subordinate to the human drama. But, as a general rule, if you deprive the historical novel of its historic ingredient, you will have as little left as you would on stripping an opera of its music. No one claims that this would be true of the historical novel at its best. It is true, however, of the historical novel as it usually is. And since the American historical novel, far as it may have advanced during the past decade over F. Marion Crawford or S. Weir Mitchell, has not yet realized its fullest potentialities, its greatest value continues to be historic, and the latter is often far from being commensurate with its value as fiction.

"The ideal historical novel would be remembered . . . as Jules Romains's 'Verdun' will be."

John Jennings's "Next to Valour" is a case in point. It was very widely read, and deservedly enough, for its reconstruction of the Franco-British colonial wars was detailed and authoritative. Yet, as fiction, the book was not only flimsy but quite vacuous, the characterization superficial, and the story vapid. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the book succeeded in acquainting its readers intimately with a phase of American history which they might not otherwise discover. I don't believe that that is enough for the historical novel to do; and if local histories were popular and well written, it might duplicate the purpose of the latter. But it does give such a novel a genuine and lasting value, even though as fiction the book may have been a rather sorry performance.

Any examination seeking to find a place for such historical novels in the great body of literature should, therefore, consider them in their relationship to history as well as compared with other fiction—again as one would consider the opera as related to music and not alone in comparison with other drama. If a writer like Kenneth Roberts has in addition to a zeal for painstaking research an unquestionable ability to manipulate plot, to handle characterization skillfully, and to sustain suspense, he is so much the better off, and so are his novels. But even Mr. Roberts's works are better remembered for their reconstruction of the past than for any dramatic effect they achieve. The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideal historical novel, of course, would be equally well remembered for both, as Sholem Asch's "The Nazarene" and Jules Romains's "Verdun" will be, and just as one prizes the work of Wagner for both the strength of its drama and the power of its music.

If all this be true, then — that the historical novel as we have seen it revived in America during this past decade commends itself less for its fictional merit than for its historical value—it remains to be seen what its relationship to history is. In the first place, it should be clearly understood that the historical novel is neither supplanting history nor usurping its function. History records; the historical novel re-creates. History is written from the point of view of the present; the historical novel from that of the past. The one is general; the other particular. The former is the product of analytical, deliberative minds; the latter of creative, venturesome ones.

No implication is here intended that the value of the historian's work is negligible compared to that of the historical novelist's, or that the latter necessarily offers richer reading. Many people of very sound literary judgment and sufficient taste would infinitely prefer reading Carlyle's "French Revolution" to Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities," which is understandable, or to Hugo's "Quatrevingt-treize," which is less so. The fact is simply that the purposes of the historian and the historical novelist are as different as are their approaches to the same material and the same period. The historian stands far beyond the matter of which he writes; he can look back calmly and with a critical eye at everything of importance that transpired during that period. Furthermore, he is perfectly free to pass judgments on the past in the light of what happened after. But the historical novelist retrojects himself, as it were, back to the period of his interest and confines himself severely within its limits. Yet he can expose no more knowledge even of that period than what his characters could have. Thus, omniscience about his period is not only something that he must carefully avoid displaying but also a potential liability in his work. Readers can be justifiably wary of a buck private in the army who knows what the high command proposes to do next. To be more remote, the historian may state flatly that the Crusades were a disillusioning venture that failed completely of their avowed purpose and achieved an altogether unthought of economic transition. But the novelist, writing of a character who participated in one of them, could make no such suggestion, no matter how firmly he believed that to be the case. For history remembers, like an old man who sees the pattern of his life for the first time; while the historical novel experiences anew each vision, each pain, and each triumph, like one too young to have learned any lesson from the years.

The most superficial aspect of this distinction is the contrast between the necessarily broad scope of all but local history and the highly concentrated nature of the historical novel. This concentration is apparent in three spheres: in time, in place, and in people. Walter Edmonds's novels of upstate New York during the canal era, for example, animate with the full pulse of life a period of time marked by the historian only as one of relatively peaceful material expansion. As far as history serves him, the period could mean very little to a reader. But because he has concentrated on a time about which history can afford merely to generalize, Mr. Edmonds has succeeded in giving it life, vitality, importance for its own sake. All this is true, also, of the place. If the historian cannot afford to devote much time to the canal era of American history neither can he investigate and appraise the Erie region in particular. It is true that that used to be the business of the local historian—of him who traced with careful eye and recorded in pedantic tones the past of only the tiny fragment of earth from which he sprang. But his day has, alas, passed; and no one read him anyway except the members of his historical society.

What is true of time and place is equally true of people. The pages of history are animated only by the great, the leaders. History will tell you what motivated the actions of a Washington or a Lincoln, but it is left to the historical novel to probe the heart of his least follower. The historian's work is too vast for him to concern himself with such things. Thus, if the man who would have been your neighbor those many years ago appears at all in history, it is only as one of a political party, a mob, or an army.

Nor does the historical novelist infringe in subtler ways on the historian's preserves. It is the historian's business to survey and examine his subject in such a way and with such thoroughness that he can reasonably fix and measure the effect of any event, character, or movement not only upon its own time but upon succeeding generations and upon the whole odyssey of the human race through ensuing centuries. It is not his job to stop at reporting; but he must also, if his work is to have meaning, return a verdict concern-

(*Continued on page* 16)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

HISTORY AND THE HISTORICAL NOVEL
By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot 3

Reviews

THE BELOVED RETURNS
By Thomas Mann
Reviewed by Paul Rosenfeld 5

I BUILT A TEMPLE FOR PEACE
By Edward B. Hitchcock
Reviewed by James Frederick Green 6

IDLE MONEY—IDLE MEN
By Stuart Chase
Reviewed by Paul H. Douglas 6

THE POOL OF VISHNU
By L. H. Myers
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 7

HAWKEYES
By Phil Stong
Reviewed by Rose Henderson 10

YOU BE THE JUDGE
By Ernest Mortenson 10

LOOK AT THE LAW
By Percival E. Jackson
Reviewed by James Reid Parker 10

ORIENTAL ASSEMBLY
By T. E. Laurence
Reviewed by Stuart Lillico 11

THE DELAWARE
By Harry Emerson Wilder
Reviewed by Cornelius Weygandt 12

ARCHITECTURE THROUGH THE AGES
By Talbot Hamlin
Reviewed by Sheldon Cheney 14

THE TERROR OF PERU
By Meade Minnigerode
Reviewed by Charles David Abbott 15

THE CANYON
By Peter Viertel
Reviewed by Edwin L. Sabin 15

PERISH BY THE SWORD
By R. Ernest Dupuy
Reviewed by David H. Popper 18

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES
Reviewed by R. Ernest Dupuy 18

Departments

EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 18
THE NEW BOOKS 19
TRADE WINDS 21
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 335 23

NEXT WEEK

PILGRIM'S WAY
By John Buchan
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard

THE FIRE AND THE WOOD
By R. C. Hutchinson

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President; Heinz Norden, Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXII, No. 18, August 24, 1940. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

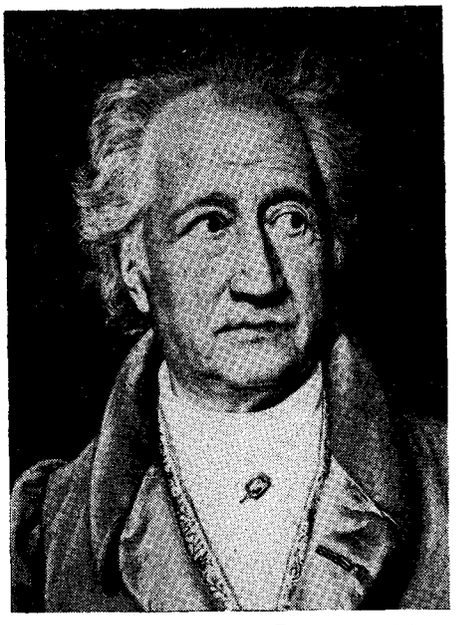
Mann's Measurement of Genius

PAUL ROSENFELD

NOTHING, it might be said, could appear more superfluous than an addition to the number of the books about Goethe. Long since, the copy, good and bad, which the man and his work have called forth, began exceeding in volume the mass of print produced by the poet himself during his wellnigh seven decades of prodigious industry. The Goethe-philology in German-speaking lands, grotesquely enough, has attained a bulk appropriate only to major language-studies: greatest of the poets of the last three centuries, "der Göttliche" has progressively, since his death a little over a hundred years ago, become the object of an oftentimes abject hero-worship. In view of this situation it is enormously to Thomas Mann's credit that "The Beloved Returns"—his latest novel, constructed about Goethe's personality and finely woven of ingeniously imitated and invented detail—adds to Goethe literature a book as completely the antithesis of the redundant as it is of the trivial.

To students of Goethe's life, to lovers of his achievement, the graceful, scintillant "Lotte in Weimar," translated under the unfortunate title of "The Beloved Returns,"* presents a fresh, profound, dramatically unfolded picture of the many-sided, baffling, and wonderfully magnetic figure of the Sage of Weimar. The portrait is unusually convincing, integrating as it does impressions flowing from various expressions of the poet's vitality; unusually penetrating, since it has been built up with the assistance of certain discoveries of psychoanalysis. Mann may be thought to be a manner of Eckermann who has achieved a contact with his subject and its milieu in post-Napoleonic Weimar, so close that he has "come to know its secrets and speak its tongue."

The interest of "The Beloved Returns" however, transcends the personality of Goethe himself; it is independent of its fascinating subject. Together with Mann's conscientiously formed ideas concerning the writer of "Faust" there has passed into its thoughtful and comic, ironic and melancholy pages a deep and serious if bitter understanding of life, of the life of the abnormal,



From the painting.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

super-normal individual in particular. From its adroitly and faithfully rendered image of Privy-Councillor von Goethe there emerges the essential abnormal-supernormal man so supremely typified by him. The book thus notably represents that exceedingly difficult genre which is of supreme interest to intellectuals and artists—the novel which depicts the great artist or intellectual, and symbolizes his meaning in every time and clime.

"The Beloved Returns" presents a measurement of genius by various standards of human value. One of them is that of the normal man, the good citizen and father, in fine the standard of healthy society: set against it, is that of the great artist, found wanting and a vagabond. The novel thus forms the latest in the series of Mann's tales, initiated by "Tristan" and illustrated by "Death in Venice," which exhibit the social monstrousness of the artist-nature and attribute the artist's tendency to dissoluteness to the circumstance that "he can tread the way of beauty only if Eros joins him and proffers himself as guide." Another unit of measurement, however, is applied, one new among Mann's standards, that of Nature. Tested by it, the genius appears one of Nature's great if terrible wonders, a strange means to her secret ends, as fitful and transient and as enchanting as the glimmer of her God in this world.

That this ironic, double vision should have taken form in a novel, "historical" in the sense that it evokes historic figures, would seem to be inevitable. To portray the type of the great artist in a work of pure imagination, an author must invent a genius and depict his life in its most distinguishing aspect, the interior activity in which vital forces are transferred to the intelligence and creation takes place. This is anything but easy and is probably impossible, as Mann for all we know may have discovered through experimentation. The reason for the difficulty is, of course, that a great intellectual, writer, artist, or philosoper, is a unicorn, a novelty. Thus, in order to portray one in the act of creation, novelists would themselves have to be Nature, which alone is able to produce imprevisible novelties. All romances about creators, from "Louis Lambert" to "Jean Christophe," are, consequently, more or less honorable failures.

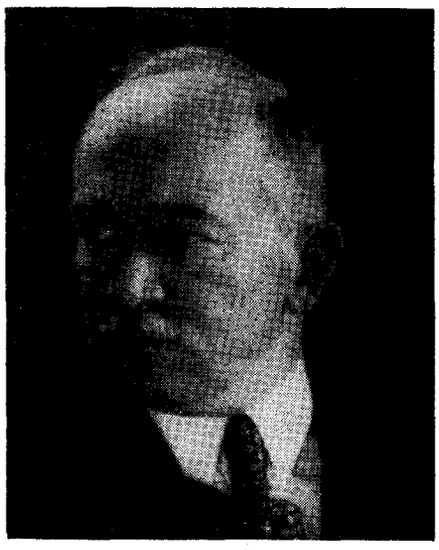
That Goethe's life should have appeared to Mann as the best source of the documentation necessary as a basis for a novel dealing with a great intellectual and as an example, splendidly adjustable to his general ironic scheme, would appear equally inevitable. He was thoroughly familiar with his hero: Goethe is one of the themes which have persistently occupied him and he has been the subject of several of his subtly critical essays. And if ever there was material for a study of genius, it was to be found in the man of Frankfurt. Brilliant, ever-fresh, inexhaustibly fecund, Johann Wolfgang was an artist passionately in love with art, a Faustian mind continually stirred by the loving desire to understand, a self-creator and a lyrist whose work in itself constitutes a miniature culture. Simultaneously this most fortunate and most conscientious of poets was "a vagabond in the realm of the affections," a sensualist in love with love, the helpless and ruthless cause of blighted existences—irresistibly drawing hearts to himself, egoistically sacrificing weaker persons, ever in retreat from responsible relationships. But he was also conscious of the ruin he wrought, occupied all his life with the idea of

(*Continued on page* 13)

*THE BELOVED RETURNS (Lotte in Weimar). *Translated from the German of Thomas Mann by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 458 pp. $2.50.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brave Statesman



Eduard Benes

"I BUILT A TEMPLE FOR PEACE." The Life of Eduard Beneš. By Edward B. Hitchcock. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 353 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

SOME day, if all the definitive histories of our turbulent times are not written in Berlin, the name of Eduard Beneš will stand out among the wise and brave statesmen of the "pre-war" world. Dr. Beneš will be remembered not only as a patriot who helped his people toward democracy and prosperity, but also as a politician who tried to bring life into the League of Nations. The art of government, in national or international affairs, is essentially the art of compromise, of reconciling antagonistic forces. Eduard Beneš practiced that art for almost two decades at Geneva, presiding over the Council or Assembly of the League, participating in committees, and drafting resolutions. He was one of a small but gallant band of statesmen, chiefly from small countries, who sought to make the League work smoothly and efficiently. If the League of Nations failed ultimately to function as the first extension of democracy to international government, it was not the fault of one great democrat who served it with intelligence, patience, and skill.

This authorized biography makes too little of Dr. Beneš's contributions in this sphere, perhaps because the routine activities of a parliamentary body, however vital, are rarely spectacular. It does call attention, however, to the unusual gift that Dr. Beneš brought to Prague and Geneva. Mr. Hitchcock, formerly foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* and head of the European bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor,* travelled with Dr. Beneš during his American tour in 1939 and worked closely with him in preparation of this book. As a personal friend and journalist, Mr. Hitchcock is well qualified to portray a statesmen who is, *rara avis,* rather shy, aloof, intellectual, and always restrained in action and speech.

The best portions of the book deal with the early life of Dr. Beneš, which is little known or half forgotten in this country. Through pages of detailed, intimate description, obviously inspired by the reminiscences of his subject, Mr. Hitchcock pictures a poor peasant lad eternally seeking knowledge from books and from his brothers in the city. At school and university, where he studied under Professor Masaryk, the young scholar eliminates everything except hard work from his schedule, until he can read and assimilate even the most difficult volumes in record time. In Paris, where he studies for a doctorate, young Beneš begins to write for socialist journals and to win a reputation for thorough scholarship and shrewd analysis. It is there that he meets his future wife, and Mr. Hitchcock's story of the courtship makes one of the best episodes in the books. Although most Americans probably recall the revolutionary activity of Masaryk and Beneš on behalf of the new Czechoslovak republic, they will enjoy the spirited narrative of intrigue and espionage, which contributed to the downfall of the Empire and the birth of a new state.

Only in the last pages, dealing with the Munich crisis and its tragic aftermath, does Mr. Hitchcock disappoint his reader. He merely summarizes events and quotes from familiar documents. Probably Dr. Beneš, who is once more fighting to wrest freedom from a powerful empire, prefers to forget and forgive the whole affair. Nor does Mr. Hitchcock attempt to appraise the Beneš foreign policy or to ask whether any concessions or adjustments in Sudetenland or Teschen could have avoided the final disaster.

The profound study of democracy which Dr. Beneš published last year, "Democracy: Today and Tomorrow," is thus admirably supplemented by a study of the democrat himself.

Economist-Artist

Stuart Chase

IDLE MONEY—IDLE MEN. By Stuart Chase. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 252 *pp. and index.* $2.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

STUART CHASE is at once accountant and artist. Without much formal training in economics and therefore frequently liable to technical slips, he is a constant irritant to the orthodox. But with an artist's eye he nevertheless was "shaping fantasies, that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends."

In this book, following the recent theorizing of J. M. Keynes and Alvin Hansen, he is singularly suggestive. The topic with which he deals is the central economic dilemma of our times, namely, why should we have ten million unemployed when the banks are overflowing with idle reserves which if invested could put these men to work? We have these idle men and this idle money, says Mr. Chase, because our society does not provide sufficient investment opportunities to absorb the sums which society will save under conditions of full employment. This causes a break in the circuit flow of money and a consequent reduction in the national income.

Part of this difficulty has been caused by the slowing up in the rate of population growth. Secondly, while the nineteenth century was characterized by the opening up of new continents, when capital was scanty in relation to virgin natural resources and when interest rates were consequently high, these outlets have by now largely ceased. Thirdly, new inventions, such as the automobile, which kept

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up capital earnings for over a decade, are very slow in presenting themselves. Finally, industrial concerns now make a practice of internally financing their own capital growth from liberal depreciation allowances and from corporate profits and hence are not in the market for the savings being accumulated through savings institutions, insurance companies, and investment houses. The result of all this is a hoarding of savings which inevitably reduces the demand for goods and creates unemployment. In order to fill the gap, it will be necessary to develop an intensive use of capital—*ie.,* more capital per person. One way would be through a lowering of the prices of goods produced under conditions of monopoly or semi-monopoly. This would lead to a greater quantity being demanded and hence to more employment and a greater need for investment. Mr. Chase recognizes this as a possibility but gives it on the whole scant attention.

Instead, he urges public expenditures and investment as the best means of bringing investment up to potential savings and hence insuring full employment. Here he advocates: (1) a continuing program of public works which would concentrate on such multiple-purpose dams as those on the Tennessee, Colorado, Columbia, and Sacramento rivers, soil conservation, hospitals, etc.; (2) a public investment corporation which would receive private savings and invest them in various enterprises, including private corporations, at differential rates of interest; (3) an increased program of social services financed by heavier income taxes in the middle brackets which would put what otherwise might be partially hoarded into circulation.

As a part of his accounting procedure, Mr. Chase correctly espouses an idea first advanced by his distinguished father, namely that governmental budgets should be divided into two parts; the first for current outlays and the second for capital outlays. The first over the decades should be balanced. But it is also true that we should carefully watch the second and see that these moneys are not poured down a drain-pipe but are instead used for purposes which are either financially or socially rewarding.

Mr. Chase's style is as muscular and red-blooded as usual. In the midst of a hot presidential campaign, his book deserves to be widely read. It should lower the false heat which politics often engenders.

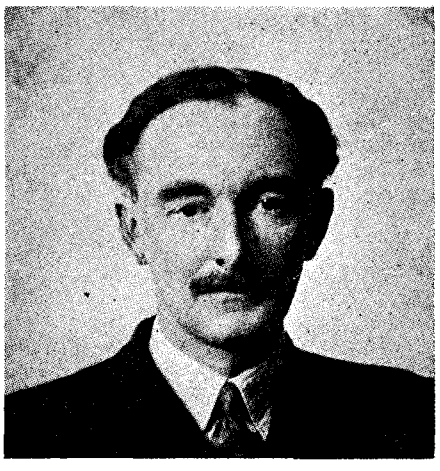
Paul H. Douglas is professor of economics in the University of Chicago.

Adult Novelist

THE POOL OF VISHNU. By L. H. Myers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 412 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

I MAY have missed it, but in all the discussions we see on what is wrong with the novel the main fault, lack, disease, or what-not is rarely mentioned, though it is stated implicitly, or even bluntly, in much extravagant praise of modern fiction. What's wrong with the novel is that very few novelists are adult people—at least when they write fiction. Creeping and complacent infantilism, ignorant and arrogant adolescence, comfortable "wait till you're as old as I am, my boy" middle Kiwanian age, these are the marks of too much modern fiction. By the same token, women novelists are, on the whole, more adult than men, because the female infant, the young girl, and even the over-assured, tied-to-the-post matron are never quite so free from any visitings of adult intelligence as her masculine equivalents. I must emphasize that neither subject, nor treatment, nor entertainment value, nor that odd snobbery called "contemporaneity" has anything to do with this problem of adolescent or adult fiction. A grown-up person can find and convey interest in any subject, his treatment may be as traditional as Proust's or as experimental as Djuna Barnes's or Virginia Woolf's, his entertainment value as high as Julian Green's or as low as the later George Moore's, and he can write about remote peoples as did Flaubert in "Salammbo," or about modern times as did Willa Cather in "The Lost Lady." He will not, however, do what the adolescent novelists do: he will not fake his effects, he will not indulge in exhibitionism instead of exposition, and his world will have a background of genuine, personal thought.



L. H. Myers

This note is by way of warning to the reader of Mr. L. H. Myers. When I was about half-way through "The Pool of Vishnu" I said to myself, I believe there has been no such adult novelist since Tolstoy. Mr. Myers is not Tolstoy's equal. He is not so superb a master of the novel as was Tolstoy. He has neither the gushing spontaneity nor the consummate craft of the Russian. But his grasp of modern problems, personal and political, his insight into character, his delicate sense of the values of life, his tolerant justice (quite free from sloppy indulgence to stupidity or wickedness) are, I think, so remarkable that he can be named with the greatest of those who have chosen to express their ideas in fiction.

I cannot agree with those critics who regard Mr. Myers as comparable to Marcel Proust. Proust was a sick man, in mind as well as body. As an explorer into morbid conditions he has no equal: but he has no such success with normal men and women, and his philosophy is little more than a hyper-susceptible sensationalism. There are signs, in "The Root and the Flower" and in this successor to that masterpiece, as there were in his first novel "The Orissers," of the influence of Henry James; of no other novelist can I find any trace. Mr. Myers is his own master.

"The Pool of Vishnu" is a sequel to "The Root and the Flower." It continues the story of young Prince Jali, son of Rajah Amar, after the assault on his father in the palace of Prince Daniyal, brother of Salim and son of Akbar, Emperor of India in the sixteenth century. Those who have not read "The Root and the Flower" may be incredulous when I say that this novel, cast in a strange country and a distant century, is more "contemporary" than any novel published for years. Yet it is.

The problem confronting a novelist who would deal with our economic perplexities, social injustice, the conflict between different opinions—communism, fascism, liberalism—is that if he writes of to-day he is bound to be diverted by disgust, hatred, enthusiasm, or mere clap-trap. Diverted from what? From the only proper goal for one who, as does a novelist, wishes to present and examine men and women as they are swayed by the spirit which is potent in all great movements, who tries to state the philosophy which controls men and movements. Mr. Myers, who evidently is sympathetic to communism — though he would give it spiritual sanctions,

(*Continued on page* 12)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Elmer Davis Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
Executive Editor
Christopher Morley } Contributing
William Rose Benét } Editors
Harrison Smith
Publisher
Copyright, 1940, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

"MAN'S ENCHANTED DUST"

THE phrase above is that of an American poet not enough honored today, but one who quite as much as Whitman, and far more than Poe, typifies the American genius in letters: namely, Ralph Waldo Emerson. One of his conceptions of Art was that which caused the "drudge in dusty frock" to espy

> behind the city clock
> Retinues of airy kings,
> Skirts of angels, starry wings,
> His fathers shining in bright fables,
> His children fed at heavenly tables.

Childish! cries the pitiful rationalism of our age. History will record whither that so-called "rationalism" has led us. In a time like the present—but there has been no time like the present! Never before have the powers of Man's invention been bent so triumphantly toward wholesale destruction and chaos. The leaders of a certain kind of social and economic organization are exulting in the fact that such a State can build a military machine powerful enough to subjugate most of the rest of the world. Their ultimate purpose, they claim, is a New World (the type of which it is all too easy to suspect!) For the time being they command enormous material resources and must be met with material resources in turn. But if Mankind, at present, seems under the spell of a most potent evil wizard, it is nonetheless true that another daemon in him is quite as strong. This is the daemon represented by the means of expression of Man's spirit which we call Poetry. And if today the things of the spirit are in disrepute, so much the worse for the age, so much the worse for our own country. We talk of weapons. The only weapon which can finally prevail against unleashed material force is the spiritual one. The leaders of force are liars, and the lie prevails for a space, but for a space only.

We need not think of seeing literally airy kings and angels back of the city clock, to know what Emerson meant. We need not relax our vigilance for social justice to find our stay also in the neglected inner province of the spirit that fortified our fathers. To prevent the spread of mental slavery, gross intolerance, the rule of might over right, the poison of the propagandist lie, the social discipline that leads only to the tyranny of one nation over other nations—we may need all our physical and mechanical armament, but we will most assuredly need all our coördinated belief in the things we know are right. If we believe truly that the spirit of man should be free, that men should have equal opportunity, that the State exists for Man and not Man for the State, that all men should be tolerant of each other's religious beliefs, that no one racial stock is ordained to subjugate others, that kindness and Christian dealing with one's neighbors are the very essence of the good life—if we believe these things now is the time as never before to show forth our good works. The great world religion which we profess to follow is our warrant, but in the poetic quest for truth we will find eternal springs of power.

Let us be grateful that today poetry has tended to become more and more realistic in its treatment of the modern world, but let us be equally grateful that by its very nature it can never lose hold upon the fundamental virtues—the things of which all dictators lose sight. They err fundamentally and profound. No great State, for instance, was ever built through hate and fraud and oppression and cruelty. No end ever justified such means. No State was ever great save in its individuals, and the inner life that made these great, such mentalities as dictators possess are least fitted to appraise. The European nation that is now making the supreme bid for dictatorship of the world is by way of losing almost all its ancient virtue in exchange for present material power. It is a great blind giant in armor. Its mouth utters nothing but lies.

This is a terrorizing and paralyzing spectacle. But no such spectacle can paralyze the limbs and the energy of the good angel to which the followers of poetry, in every land, are sworn. The poets of this country bring now, by as much as they are true to themselves, a great aid to the people of their land and to the spiritual people in all lands. Unleashed hate and lust of conquest are, after all, historically, no new thing. Bombs and mechanized armies may destroy the world. They cannot destroy what the poets mean, and have ever meant, by the holy spirit of Man. This, and the joy in this, is what poets have ever found "a rampart to the mind." This is indestructible, by physical assault, by the rampant lie, by all baseness and treachery and all extreme torture. Those methods will be used against it in vain; and when it eventually triumphs, as it most surely will, it will be the poets—those impractical, idle dreamers, who cannot invent high explosives or construct a State like a concentration camp—who will have been its instruments.

W. R. B.

Seasons

By Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

I USED to wait the smoke of spring
To count the bird notes sharp and sweet.
Some say they hear the thrushes sing
But all I hear is marching feet.

I used to watch the osprey tower
And plunge and rise and plunge again.
Some see wild wonder in its power
But I,—the horror of the plane.

With summer comes the crimson clover.
There will be wind swept seas of red:
Shall we then talk that harvest over?
Or be a harvest of the dead?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Marie Corelli

SIR:—Have you had enough Corelliana? If not, you may be interested in a few of my recollections of Stratford early in April, 1919, while I was spending a few days at the American Officers' Inn there during the Armistice.

The Inn, a converted private residence presided over by a charming expatriate American named Milliken, was next door to Marie Corelli's home, and when Mr. Milliken found that I and a couple of my companions were interested in "literature" he promptly arranged for a visit. We found Miss Corelli to be a rather fat little old lady, whom we should probably have called dowdy if we had wanted to violate the ethics of hospitality. She was dressed in a rose satin gown, and wore a blue ribbon in her hair and a daffodil on her generous bosom. The daffodil did not quite match her blond hair, which still showed a hint of red. The drawing room in which she received us was large, but seemed oppressive because of the way it was crowded with knick-knacks, bric-a-brac, and Victorian furniture, for she had collected trophies from all her travels. The immense white satin sofa on which she sat, we were given to understand, had some sort of association with the Czar of Russia and Catherine the Great. All the clocks on the mantel and shelves —and there were several—were, we found, just an hour behind our watches, for Miss Corelli would have nothing to do with the new-fangled daylight savings time. God's time was good enough for her. "It's so silly, you know," explained her companion. "Why don't they just get up an hour earlier?" Consequently all the clocks in England were out of step except Miss Corelli's. She was serenely superior to the difficulties which her independence should have made for her, since she scarcely ever went outside her own grounds anyhow. She was also, so far as we could detect, totally deficient in a sense of humor.

We talked about the war and the peace, and economics and labor and strikes. She told us all about America and the situation there, and the differences between America and England. We asked her if she had ever visited our country to observe conditions at first hand. "Never!" she said. "And I never shall. There is such a thing as happiness, and I prefer to remain in England even if I have to do so on five shillings a week rather than go to the United States to lecture for £500 a lecture, as I have been asked to do many times." But she was in sympathy with neither capital nor labor, she confessed.

We talked about literature, but mostly about herself and Shakespeare. She was much disturbed by the complete commercialization which

"I didn't suspect him, exactly, but I was watching him like a hawk."

Stratford had undergone. "Her" little town was rapidly being ruined. Even the Memorial Theatre under Frank Benson was not entirely free of the taint. "Tell them the story about you and Shakespeare," her companion urged her. Miss Corelli bridled modestly. "Oh, no," she said. "Besides, I don't believe it's true anyhow." "Oh, yes, it is—every word," insisted the other. So Miss Corelli let herself be persuaded.

It seems that an American was driving past the house—sight-seeing, like all Americans. "Miss Marie Corelli, the famous novelist, lives there," his driver informed him. "Oh, Marie Corelli!" exclaimed the American. "And what is wrong with her—is she lame, or deaf, or blind—?" "Why, nothing, so far as I know, sir. Why, sir?" "Well, why has she never married, then?" demanded the American. "Well, sir, you see, sir," the driver reflected—"you see, sir, Shakespeare's dead."

Miss Corelli smiled deprecatorily. Her companion nodded her head vigorously. "It's true, every word," she reiterated.

The thing that really disgusted us that night, however, was our discovery that the pretty girl in nurse's uniform who had to leave early for hospital duty and whom we did not have courage enough to insist in escorting to her destination was George Meredith's granddaughter.

Incidentally, I also heard Ella Wheeler Wilcox speak and read from her poems at Saumur, France, late in August, 1918. Although she was more attractive personally than Miss Corelli, she made a very bad impression on the crowd of soldiers she had come to entertain. A more conceited little old lady than she I have never had the bad fortune to meet.

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.
Evanston, Ill.

No Expert in Semantics

SIR:—As a *Saturday Review* reader of fifteen years' experience and a not-too-regular member of the Baker Street Irregulars, may I be allowed to point out a slight cardiac arrhythmia in Mr. Collins's Big Moments on page 7 of the August 3rd issue? When The Virginian's pistol came out, the words that came out with it were, "When you call me that, *smile!*" not "When you say that, *smile!*" The Virginian was no expert in semantics, but he knew an overtone when he encountered one.

So petty a critical cock-a-doodle may seem unjustified; but I am doubtless compensating for a conviction, routinely driven home, that I am a literary moron with an I.Q. averaging around forty. Perhaps other and better reviewers have occasionally experienced the same reaction.

HARRISON L. REINKE
Deerfield, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Beautiful Land"

HAWKEYES, A BIOGRAPHY OF THE STATE OF IOWA. By Phil Stong. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROSE HENDERSON

IN the best of his fiction, Phil Stong has shown a penetrating observation of the farm and small-town life of Iowa, his native state. With swiftly-lucid analysis and expert handling of minor character groups, he has conveyed revealing qualities which make the region basically different from any other, even its next-door neighbors. And he seems the logical writer to present Iowa in an expository volume, the first of a series which eventually will include all of the states. His new "Hawkeyes, A Biography of the State of Iowa," contains some good writing and a mass of factual details on the historical, social, and economic aspects of this section, which is so essentially Middle West.

The book opens with a characteristic modern Iowa scene, two young men "watching" all night on the lawn of an old town while their friend, the old judge lies dead in the house, and the stars shine above tall trees and the moonlight falls down the hill toward the river. As the watchers lie on the grass or eat a midnight snack at the loaded kitchen table, they do not speak of the judge, but his place in the rural community and in the affections of the young men is deftly indicated.

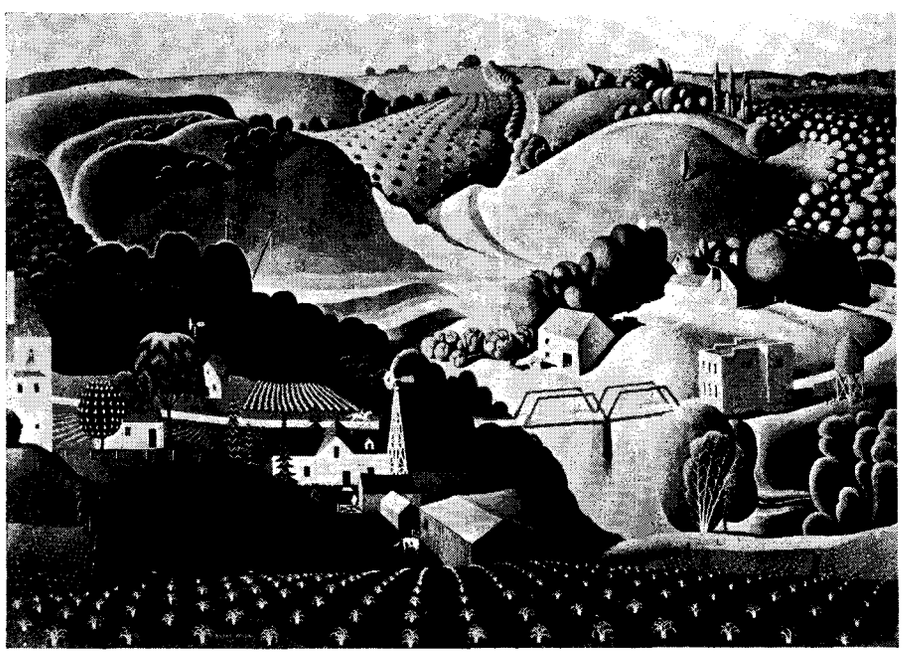
Then come bucolic centennial celebrations, recalling the past, whether accurately or not, with native pride and humor. "They all know the Iowa corn song," says Mr. Stong. "And whenever as many as six of them are gathered together in the name of the state they will sing it, by God, and try to stop them."

The general store, the storekeeper, the circle of loafers, the informal forums appear briefly. Frontier lawyers and politicians, fights with the railroad over "cow cases," early laws, and old ledgers are pertinent material of pioneer background, even if a bit tedious at times in their rather colorless cataloguing. The patience, humor, and deep-seated tolerance of the first Iowans are convincingly suggested through the settlers' treatment of the Indians, the Mormons, and other alien elements as well as in their treatment of one another. The hardships are not overlooked, but neither are the fundamental enjoyments and the gusto of man overcoming the soil.

The vast fecundity of this midland state which the Indians called Beautiful Land seemed to yield to its people a portion of its own earthy depth and inclusiveness. The people in turn fused a new pattern within its borders, in the careless profusion of its lakes, valleys, woodlands, prairies, and cornfields. This mingling of varied and vigorous strains within the more or less isolated state and the resulting ethnic whole of yesterday and today is Mr. Stong's true story, told illuminatingly and unsentimentally, with flashes of humor and philosophic insight. The general poise and hard-headedness of the Iowa farmer impress the writer and he argues for them valiantly.

The churches and schools, the *Des Moines Register,* Amelia Jenks Bloomer, and Ida B. Wise Smith have their indigenous parts in the broad, composite picture. Also the Iowa Writers' Club, the P.E.O., Grant Wood's authentic paintings, and the futile derivitiveness of most of the "corn-fed art." Native literature has fared better than the graphic arts in Iowa, as shown by Mr. Stong's chronicle. Agrarian revolution is summarily disposed of. "Any good farmer can make a living in Iowa and enough more to make him value the law and its essentials."

Mr. Stong does not linger long over Iowa's geography, its long, cold winters and short, hot summers, its beauty and general topography. His primary concern is, properly enough, with the essentially agricultural character of the state. He treats the cities flippantly and superficially, on the whole, and his understanding presentation of farmers and farm life in the specific community is the book's most vital contribution.



Courtesy Jocelyn Memorial

Stone City, by Grant Wood

Law for the Layman

YOU BE THE JUDGE. By Ernest Mortenson. Illustrated by Alain. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1940. 451 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

LOOK AT THE LAW. By Percival E. Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 377 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

HERE are two books, entirely different in plan, designed to inform the layman about the law. Mr. Mortenson instructs the reader in the chief aspects of the judicial process, not only with thoroughness but with a spirited good humor that is very pleasant indeed. His volume is almost as frolicsome as "Live Alone and Like It!" Mr. Jackson's mission is more somber. He explains what's wrong with the law and points out that if the voters are dissatisfied, they can, and must, take matters into their own hands. "Look at the Law" is clumsily written, however, and its very important material has not been given the readable treatment Mr. Mortenson accords "You Be the Judge." This by no means alters the fact that the public needs both these books, and others like them.

Perhaps it is just as well that "You Be the Judge" is the more successful. Here is a first-rate primer, the very book for an amateur of the law to begin with. After digesting it carefully, a voter will find himself in a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much better position to gauge the writings of Mr. Jackson and everyone else who preaches—with reason enough, certainly—that our legal system needs the careful overhauling that only a better informed electorate can make possible.

The great thing about "You Be the Judge" is its range and the good sense Mr. Mortenson has shown in ordering his material: forty-five pages of excellent groundwork; then Torts, Property, Crime, International Law, Domestic Relations, Equity, Contracts, Wills, The Constitution and Federal Cases, Problems of Proof, and a miscellany of finishing touches. The best illustration of the thoroughness with which Mr. Mortenson treats each phase of law, at the same time making his material satisfactorily lively for the general reader, is the intelligent fashion in which the chapters are subdivided. There is, for example, the chapter on Property. Mr. Mortenson begins with "That State of Mind We Call Ownership" and goes on to tell us about a Mr. Anthony and his farm. In tracing the adventures of this Mr. Anthony and the problems he encounters in connection with the farm, Mr. Mortenson gives us a staggering saga, but an illuminating one:

How He Acquired It: Adverse Possession; Capture of Animals *Ferae Naturae;* Finding: Abandoned Property; Finding: Lost Property; Finding: Mislaid Property; Purchase; Trade or Barter; Gift; Inheritance.

What He Does With It: Sale: Installment Plan; Sale: Future and Unascertained Goods; Sale: Retention of Possession; Mortgage; Lease: for Specific Purpose; Lease: Chattels; Lease, Life Estate, and Reversion; Trust, Incorporation, License, Easement, Riparian Rights.

And the chapter goes into additional detail about Leases and the subtleties of Real and Personal Property. Throughout the book Mr. Mortenson makes the legal processes entertainingly clear by means of abundant illustration. One of the most attractive aspects of "You Be the Judge" is the compilation of legal situations, neatly condensed and itemized, at the end of each chapter. The reader is invited to render his own decision—yes or no, guilty or not guilty, judgment sustained or reversed, or whatever alternative is allowable. He can discover in an appendix just how the courts decided in comparable instances. And whenever the reader finds that he and the bench disagree as to the true meaning of justice and its administration, it will be salutary for him to study Mr. Jackson's work, a more incendiary affair throughout, and learn that the law is what the voter makes it.

A Mixed Bag of Lawrenciana

ORIENTAL ASSEMBLY: By T. E. Lawrence. Edited by A. W. Lawrence. With 125 photographs by the author. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 291 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

T. E. LAWRENCE was not a prolific writer, although he did produce three important books dealing with his work in Arabia before and during the World War. Since his death, however, friends have collected and published all manner of letters, commentaries, archeological reports, and notes from the hand of the mysterious man of the desert. Such a collection, said to be the last outstanding, is now presented by T. E. Lawrence's brother, A. W. Lawrence. It is a fitting conclusion to the series.

The book represents a mixed bag. It includes Lawrence's diary of a walking trip through the Euphrates Valley in 1911, two post-war essays on the Arab Revolt, and the "suppressed" introductory chapter for "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." The selection is fortunate, for it contrasts the academic idealism of the young archeologist of 1911 with the disillusioned disappointment of the desert warrior in 1920. In it, many will find the key to Lawrence's later life as "Aircraftsman Shaw."

The 1911 diary is of peculiar interest and will delight students of Lawrence's career. Despite an abcessed tooth and frequent foot trouble, he completes the long trek through northern Syria, measuring Crusader castles and collecting Hittite seals. The scientific side absorbs his interest, but he retains a keen eye for desert beauty, politics, and Arab character. He spends his nights at native inns or as guest of the local sheikh, always on friendly terms with the Arab population. Read thirty years later, the diary offers a strong clue to the basis of Lawrence's success in leading the Arab Revolt.

Amateur strategists will appreciate "The Evolution of a Revolt," reprinted from *The Army Quarterly* of October, 1920. In it the archeologist-warrior details the philosophy of the successful Arab fight against the Turks. His principles—deny the enemy a target, concentrate on your own strong point, and build up a sympathetic (but not actively partisan) popular support—are worth study today as British and Italian forces clash in Africa and the Sino-Japanese struggle drags into its fourth year.

Equally pertinent are some of Lawrence's comments on the future of Egypt and Iran in the course of an essay, The Changing East, which was published anonymously in 1920. Its republication now does a service to students of Near Eastern history, for Lawrence's insight into relations between Turk and Arab, and how this contributed to the break-up of the Ottoman Empire, was profound.

From a painting by Augustus John
T. E. Lawrence

The mysterious "suppressed" introduction to "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is finally published in full and the reason for its earlier fate is apparent. Embittered by London's refusal to establish a unified Arab nation after the World War, Lawrence intended to preface his book with a denunciation of this "betrayal." On the advice of George Bernard Shaw it was dropped, but Lawrence's feelings were apparent throughout the rest of the big volume. Therefore the tenor of the long-missing introduction will surprise no one, although by its very nature it is an important part of the story of the Arabian adventure.

Lawrence's writing, particularly as evidenced in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," is of a high order. In these random pieces he showed the same facility with the English language. True, his diary was but a series of hasty notes, often written by the side of the road, but they retain a vitality that is remarkable. His more highly polished essays are just as alive, and in beauty of language they approach the classics.

"Oriental Assembly" benefits from the inclusion of a remarkable collection of Lawrence's own photographs, 110 of which were taken during the Arab Revolt.

Stuart Lillico is a former foreign correspondent and magazine editor who has lived in the Orient.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Social History

THE DELAWARE. By Harry Emerson Wildes. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 335 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

THIS latest of the "Rivers of America" series, is largely a social and political history of Philadelphia's past. It is only at the very beginning in the first chapter, with its account of sapling logs, and in three chapters almost at the end, that Mr. Wildes focuses his attention on the river itself and on the ways of the average men and women of the valley. These three late chapters, "Custom is King," "Modest Self-Restraint," and "Communal Friendships" are the best of the book. For the rest it is a pageant of personalities from old times to to-day, each and everyone painted in with high lights. "Big Belly" Printz, the Swedish governor; William Penn; Tammany, the Indian chief; Pastorius; Franklin; Conrad Weiser, the middleman with the Indians; mad Anthony Wayne; William Cobbett, the English pamphleteer; Matthew Stanley Quay, the political boss; Boise Penrose, United States senator; Rudolph Blankenburg, the reform mayor, and a score of others pass before us, rigorously weighed by a scale of values strongly personal and not in every instance that which history has established.

The Delaware rises in the hinterlands of the Catskills, John Burroughs's country. It flows by the Poconos and the Blue Mountain vacation lands as surely as Maine itself. It leaves the shores of the slate and cement districts in the "Forks of the Delaware," the country between the Delaware and its tributary the Lehigh. Down along the Lehigh came anthracite coal to Philadelphia, necessarily by canal-boat, by train and by truck. In "The Forks" are Bethlehem and Nazerelle, Moravian towns in which trombones playing Bach lead processions to the graveyard for sunrise services on Easter Sunday.

Below Easton was Durham Furnace, its site still marked by great slag heaps. To its boats for carrying iron to Philadelphia, the so-called Durham boats, Mr. Wildes gives due credit for ferrying Washington's army across the river for the surprise attack on the Hessians at Trenton. Between Durham Furnace and McKonkey's Ferry, where the Continentals crossed, are Lumberville and New Hope, villages that Redfield and many other painters have made a leading artists' community. On the great river flows, past Pennsburg, the recently restored manor-house of William Penn, and on past Burlington and the Jersey tide creeks Walt Whitman loved.

Down it sweeps by Philadelphia, which usurps too much attention for its vagaries and too little for its shipping. Salem on the Jersey shore, and Newcastle on the Western shore, are rightly praised for their picturesqueness and preservation of yesterday. The river has now broadened into Delaware Bay, with Dallas Lore Sharp's country on the left and, on the right, the swan-haunted shores where it meets the open sea.

Cornelius Weygandt is the author of "Down Jersey," recently published by Appleton Century & Co.

Drawing by Irwin D. Hoffman from "The Delaware."
"On to Victory"

THE POOL OF VISHNU

(Continued from page 7)

religious sanctions — transfers our wars and hates, our strivings and failures to his sixteenth century India: and thereby makes them more real, not less, because seen in perspective.

Apart from its rare hold on truth and beauty, its quiet and ardent wisdom, "The Pool of Vishnu" is a story of the highest interest. Hari, the warrior, the lover, the man for whom the visible world and its rewards exist only too vividly, provides, with his adventures, his scruples, his lovableness, and his loyalty, that firm, ordinary, flesh-and-blood interest which a philosophical novel so often lacks. He also gives Mr. Myers the chance of showing how completely free he is from that highbrow snobbery of the intellectual who professes to despise the energy and courage which he so often lacks. Mr. Myers knows that glibness of statement is not evidence of profound thinking, and that too frequently the chatterers discourage the timid and taciturn, who should be persuaded to persist in thinking.

Jali himself, still uncertain, undecided between truth and brilliance, wisdom and cleverness, is a portrait of whom any novelist could be proud. Rarely have charm, youthful eagerness, all the moods of joy and unhappiness, the painful delights of unfulfilled, adoring love been rendered with so sensitive an understanding. Mr. Myers as the fine gift of humor without mockery, he times his gentle laughter at Jali with an exquisite delicacy, only anticipating by a moment Jali's own discovery of his weakness.

Many people will regret the too early disappearance from this volume of old friends—Amar and his wife, Gokal, their adviser and friend; but it would be churlish to grumble at any lack in a book so rich, so varied as "The Pool of Vishnu": and in his portrait of the Guru Mr. Myers has succeeded where I doubt if any novelist has ever succeeded before. He has drawn a credible, lovable picture of a saint. I think I know who was one of his models for Bhupendra, that great saint and great man of the world, Dick Sheppard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, of Canterbury and of St. Paul's Cathedral. For those who did not know him, however, I suggest that the Guru, in his modesty, in his hold on his beliefs, his humor, and his kindness might well be the spiritual child of Saint Theresa and St. Philip Neri. He alone, and his dealings with all kinds of people from Akbar to the starving peasants, would make "The Pool of Vishnu" a great and memorable book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANN'S MEASUREMENT OF GENIUS

(*Continued from page* 5)

guilt and expiation: laboriously he turned himself into a diversely valuable member of society. At the same time, he remained a serene spokesman of Nature, confident that he was one of her favorites and that she would reveal her secrets to him. Thus, the possibility that in Goethe's own consciousness there existed the ironic, double vision of his proper being, was interestingly strong; and the fact, that the poet measured himself equally against the standards of society and of Nature and managed in the face of the clash heroically to maintain his sublime equilibrium, rendered him doubly useful to the novelist.

In Goethe's later life, there took place a meeting—remarked by few of his biographers but conspicuous and enticing to Mann's searching glance—which may well have confronted the great poet with a dramatic situation. It was a meeting with a friend whom he had hurt, and who, because she was very much the woman and torn by her attraction both to the normal and the abnormal-supernormal man, might be regarded as a representative of the Race. This individual was Lotte Buff, the gracious, immortal heroine of "Werther's Leiden." Goethe had met her in his twenty-fourth year, while he was in Wetzlar ostensibly studying law. She was nineteen at the time and engaged to his friend Kestner. Goethe first fell in love with the pair's love, then with Charlotte herself and his own emotions as poet and lover. Despite her devotion to her fiancé the girl was carried away by Goethe's passion, until the interloper finally fled from her and Wetzlar. Stirred by the suicide of one of his fellow-students, a dreamy youth named Jerusalem, he gave expression to his own unhappy experience and tortured state of mind in the magic, poem-like "Werther." The little book moved a world to sympathy, but also exposed to that world the affair at Wetzlar and in the portrait of the bridegroom caricatured the extremely decent Kestner. Forty-four years later, while Goethe was working on the "West-Oestlicher Divan"—the glorious lyrical opus partly the fruit of one of his last amours—and while the plainly ill-starred marriage of his son August to Ottilie von Pogwisch was preparing itself under his eyes, Lotte, then a widow with nine children, paid him a visit in Weimar. Only the note in which she announced to her old lover her arrival in his city, and an ambiguous note to one of her sons, have survived to record an event fraught with dramatic possibilities and one which Mann could not but find perfectly to his purpose.

Still another motive must have recommended Goethe to Mann as material for his novel: the desire in the face of recent political events to affirm through a portrait of him, Goethe's moral leadership of Germany. The man of whom it has been said that if Germany became a mighty nation it was in no small degree due to his influence as teacher and educator and that if she is to succumb to arrogance and wantonness it will be because she has deserted him, this man detested and feared the *Vaterlaenderey* of his compatriots, the nationalism of 1813 in so many ways the forerunner of Nazidom. For his country he desired cultural and political solidarity with France and the other nations of western Europe. He admired Napoleon; he approved of the Confederation of the Rhine. If after Waterloo he wrote "Des Epimenides Erwachen" for the visit of the allied sovereigns to Berlin, it was largely to voice his prayer for the internal unity that is peace. . . . The last motive certainly is plain in the striking, extremely timely words, defining Goethe's attitude toward the national psychology, which crop up during that most audacious episode in "The Beloved Returns," the interior monologue of the great poet: barbed words such as "Wretched it is that they (the Germans) credulously abandon themselves to every fanatic scoundrel who appeals to their baser qualities and teaches them conceptions of nationalism as isolation and rawness. To themselves they seem grand and glorious only when they have gambled away all they ever possessed which was worth owning—Germans should be—great in understanding, mediating spirits. That is their destiny, not this pigheaded craving to be a unique nation, to stultify themselves in insipid narcissism and rule the world through stupidity!"

Nevertheless this is but a secondary motive of the novel. What animates it principally is its dramatic conception of genius as it might have been demonstrated to Lotte Kestner in the course of her stay in Weimar; the vision of the price society and the genius himself must pay for his gifts; the effect of this vision upon her ancient wound. We see that old lady descending at a hotel door in the Thuringian capital in the company of her dull youngest daughter "whom she is eager to present to Goethe." Lotte's identity is recognized by the concierge; he spreads the news of her arrival. A crowd gathers beneath her windows: we perceive her sense of the worthlessness of the "fame" "Werther" has brought to her, and the helplessness with which her thoughts revolve in the part and seek to probe the motives of Goethe in the Wetzlar days. She writes him of her arrival. An eccentric Englishwoman, a portraitist of celebrities, makes her way into her room. She is followed by Dr. Riemer, one of Goethe's secretaries, who has been attracted by the opportunity to pour out his ambivalent feeling about his master. Lotte hears this representative of all the little men who live in emotional dependence upon great ones say that the essence of Goethe's genius is elfish irony and destructive equanimity: excited, she

(*Continued on page* 17)

From the drawing in the N. Y. Public Library

"Goethe Dictating to His Secretary."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Building as an Art

ARCHITECTURE THROUGH THE AGES. By Talbot Hamlin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 680 *pp., with index.* $6.

Reviewed by SHELDON CHENEY

TALBOT HAMLIN has here written the best record we have of the art of building. It is the first comprehensive history written from a point of view established after the discrediting of nineteenth century eclecticism. It is sanely modern. It is complete in the sense that it covers developments from the primitive to the contemporary, in the Orient as well as the Occident. There are 450 excellently chosen illustrations (unfortunately a little small, but clear). The author has done a first-class job with this vast review. Except in one respect, it is very near an ideal history of a major art.

The book is at every turn the work of a man who knows his subject both practically and theoretically, as the architect knows it and as the scholar understands it. No one in America, probably, has had richer opportunity to become familiar with the literary documents of the art, which sometimes explain movements and tendencies more clearly than the brick and mortar evidence. (Talbot Hamlin is librarian of the architectural and the fine art libraries at Columbia University.) The result still might not have been so happy if page after page were not illuminated by an unusual sort of social wisdom, shrewd and kindly but by no means a blind humanitarianism.

The author avowedly set out to write a history differing from existing ones in its emphasis upon the social and human values. He stresses again and again that architecture is social and human expression, a reflection of ways of life. He gives exceptional space to houses and housing, and he consistently avoids cataloguing "masterpieces." In his Foreword, in a list of source books, one immediately meets evidence of this special bent, for the list begins not with titles suggesting architecture but with Spengler's "Decline of the West" and Friedell's "A Cultural History of the Modern Age, the Crisis of the European Soul from the Black Death to the World War." Indeed one may read fifteen titles before coming to one that includes the word "architecture." Every professor of the history of architecture who specifies Mr. Hamlin's book as a text should—one may believe—persuade his students to submit themselves to the liberal education in social backgrounds sketched in Talbot Hamlin's source-book list.

In general the text is readable, even ingratiating for this sort of book. It is least so where academic books are usually most satisfactory, in dealing with the architecture of the great historic periods. There is an occasional suggestion that the author's classroom notes may there have been expanded, with too little contemplation, into chapters. At least once, in dealing with the Persians, he adopts an old, stereotyped, and no longer adequate view.

But too much can hardly be said in praise of the later chapters. They explain early recent architecture as the inevitable result of social confusion, and later recent architecture as the outcome of imperishable architectural vision and creativeness reappearing at the moment when, at last, perspective is gained upon the place of the machine in human civilization. The whole study of nineteenth century and of modern building is presented with reference to an unfaltering social idealism.

The one virtue lacking in this book is an infectious enthusiasm for architecture as a pleasure-giving art. Mr. Hamlin practically never pauses to convey the sense of beauty of a great historic building, as a created evocative entity. Buildings can and do bring one up with surprised delight, and one may believe that half the usefulness of architectural art is in its power to evoke that response. But Mr. Hamlin, who must have lost himself in the sheer loveliness or utter majesty of St. Mark's or Amiens, who must often have found himself wandering in a mood of quiet delight on the streets of Nuremberg or in a New England village square, has elected to speak of other things than his inner experience. Perhaps, without being emotional, without overemploying word-painting, he might have stirred the reader to a sharing of his delight. He was not, it is true, writing a book of "appreciation"—but even students who are setting out to be practical designers could profit by direct enjoyment of, along with information about, building art.

This is not to say that Talbot Hamlin overlooks the esthetic obligation of the architect, that he has marched off with the "pure functionalists," or anything like that. He is the soundest sort of modernist, and sees plainly the dangers of a puritanic devotion to mechanization. He even remarks upon the necessity of accepting "the reality of esthetic discrimination" (having in mind, no doubt, the ultra schools that began their manifestoes, "Down with esthetics").

Thus he does give "the way of beauty" its due, in direct statement, along with "the way of utility" and the way of honest construction. He is broad in his own unemotional way. Altogether his is an admirably sane, wise, and useful book. It should, without delay, displace, as textbook at architectural schools and on the shelves of popular libraries, those incomplete or unmodern books which have up to now been considered the standard histories of the art.

Sheldon Cheney is the author of "The New World Architecture," "Expressionism in Art," and other books on related subjects.

From the book.

The Telegrapher's House at Shiraz, Persia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heroic Fun

THE TERROR OF PERU. By Meade Minnigerode. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

JULES COTREL, the stiff-necked, thick-skinned hero of this novel, is a native of St. Malo. Like all the rest of the inhabitants of that thriving seaport in the early eighteenth century he is at bottom a practical merchant and a capable sailor. Unlike his neighbors, however, he has in him a streak of stubborn romanticism, and he is egoist enough to believe in his dreams. As heir to the highly successful mercantile establishment of Cotrel Sons he is sent to Malaga by his picturesque and tyrannical grandmamma who hopes thus both to wipe out his mad notions and to teach him the tricks necessary to a proper participation in the lucrative contraband trade with Spanish America. He is accompanied by grandmamma's henchman, Crozon, whose salty realism is supposed to keep him out of dangerous mischief.

In Malaga the bees in his bonnet begin really to swarm. There he sees the flashing red-haired, green-eyed Manuela de Ramos y O' Falon, who has in her just enough Irish blood to produce the perfect minx. He falls tempestuously in love. Her father is a grandee, but the romantic young tradesman from St. Malo is not bothered by that. Respectable to the core, he immediately proposes marriage—to Crozon's horror and Manuela's amusement. She leads him on and makes him the complete monkey, but the Malouin stolidity never suspects. Thus begins the comedy of errors which carries Jules and Crozon to America where, wholly by mistake, they perform exploits of such valor and such illegality that Jules is universally proclaimed "The Terror of Peru." The real climax, however, is not reached until Jules is brought to trial at the suit of the King of Spain in his native St. Malo, where the whole town has the pleasure of listening in on the amorous niceties of his courtship. There is also a memorable anticlimax in which, as Grandmamma Cotrel puts it, Jules gets the catnip out of his system.

It is a rollicking *tour de force* of humor, this novel, compounded of two parts Balzac (of the "Droll Stories"), two parts Dumas, and one part Cervantes. Satirical, lusty, absurd, but never irrational, it pokes fun not only at its characters but also at its smugness of romantic conventions. Its bawdiness is clean and earthy with no taint of nastiness in it, but its profanity is almost monotonous.

Meade Minnigerode

Boy and Girl

THE CANYON. By Peter Viertel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THE charm of this first-person tale of adolescence is that of grace in telling, and the play of youthful emotions. The chapters purport to review phases in the boyhood life of the narrator, staged as George. It is a localized tale, of the Southern California coast, placed mainly in a foothills canyon to be guessed at by anyone who knows the Los Angeles environs.

We have the principal, George, and the supporting cast: his bonded partner, Jimmy Valentine; Perfecto, the Mexican boy; Miss Mudgett, the school teacher; primitive Keetcheye, the Mexican-Indian breed; Betsy, the trick-riding girl who, with her father and Roany, the trick pony, lived in the barn of the defunct riding academy; Maria, the Mexican girl; and so on, including the elders, American and Mexican. The types are characteristic of Southern California place communities grouped in a neighborly tolerance.

Well, here are boy and girl stripped to nature as accords with modern practice, and not lacking the whimsies that endear boy-life chronicles from "Tom Sawyer" down. In a way "The Canyon" is a novel, charting as it does the course of joys and sorrows, physical and mental conflicts. Perhaps one of the more moving episodes in it is the hopeful building, by Perfecto, of a shack to domicile Maria and himself when they are married—and the burning of it by a brush fire that sweeps the canyon and wrecks many illusions.

Distance may lend enchantment to a backward view. Peter Viertel, however, is upon the threshold of twenty and one feels that he writes with the truthfulness of a close observer.

An Abbé Odyssey

NO PLACE LIKE HOME. By Patience, Richard, Johnny Abbé. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1940. 254 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

THIS is a return to the earlier and more successful Abbé manner. "No Place Like Home" has the vigor and freshness that marked "Around the World in Eleven Years." Here again the young authors are comparing America and Europe. In "Of All Places," they had gone Hollywood, but that was apparently an interlude, for this third volume is more like a sequel to their first success. The Abbés are older and wiser. Richard is thirteen and half and Johnny is twelve. Patience is fifteen and looks, we are told, like a blonde Botticelli. They are concerned with the sad state of the world.

This might be called "Europe Revisited." The Abbés return to the scenes of their childhood and find that there have been startling changes which they report in their usual diverting style. They are intensely curious and they ask questions of everyone they see—children in Germany and Italy, sailors on the boat, people who sit next to them in trains. They always travel third class so they really see life. With true reporter's timing, they arrived in Copenhagen last Easter. They took a look at Gdynia and Danzig where for the first time they saw the Hitler Jugend saying "Heil Hitler." From then on, their experiences in Germany were not reasurring. They almost got arrested. People said unpleasant things about America and President "Rosenfeldt" to their faces. "We felt peculiar. They acted like we were Mata Hari or some spy," and they add sagely "If you are not welcome you shouldn't be in the place you are not welcome." Not without difficulty, they manage to get away and go on to Vienna and Budapest and then to Italy. "Third class in Italy is something awful," they remark, but they liked the Fascisti children who were very healthy and clean.

In Italy, the Abbés started to go broke. Their money vanished and they had trouble getting to Paris. Finally they managed to get to London somehow, and back third class on the Orinoco, taking eighteen days from Antwerp.

Although the style is amusing, the Abbés are serious about conditions abroad and even more serious about being one hundred per cent American. No place like home!, they say with fervor. It is a lively and timely account.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HISTORICAL NOVELS

(*Continued from page 4*)

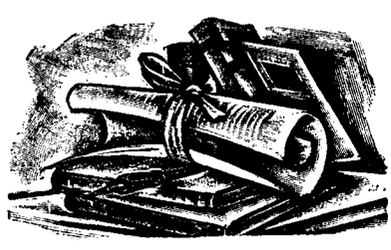
ing his subject, interpreting and appraising that subject in the light of its force to alter a nation's or a people's way of life, to create new methods or vindicate the old whereby a state may realize its highest end, and to open up new paths for human experience.

To do all this, the historian must investigate closely all the evidence surrounding his subject and also all the evidence antedating and succeeding its immediate period. He is concerned with the distant, underlying causes of any historic movement; and he is equally interested in all the happenings of subsequent ages which may have been severally or conjointly attributable in some measure to his subject. It is for this reason that the greatest historians in all literature have been men of enormous erudition and encyclopedic minds: Macaulay and Carlyle, Lecky and Gibbon, Parkman and Adams. The historian, too, looks at his material from a remote rather than an immediate point of view. A certain coldness, an objectivity, is his approach; and he does not allow himself to lose his long range perspective. Sympathy and commiseration are a part of his attitude only so long as they permit him to remain on a level higher than that on which the action of his work takes place. He is patently a moralist—which is one very cogent reason why the eighteenth century age of moralizing in England saw the rise of the great English historians.

While the historian is thus perched in the fly gallery, looking down at the stage, far ahead of the action through the script and with his critical eye alert, the historical novelist is down with the actors, beginning the drama with them and passing through it—*experiencing it*—with them. Moreover, however much more latitude the latter may appear to have, his method is far more restricted. In the first place, he has no legitimate concern with effects—no matter how momentous they may be — that were not manifest until after the action of his story is done. The historian Fiske can point out the effect of the colonial troops' hardiness on the history of this hemisphere and of the world. But Van Wyck Mason correctly motivates his characters who took part in the Revolution with a consummate desire to get somewhere, either by way of improving their individual economic lots or by indulging a great zest for action. If the novelist had made one of them fight in order that a great democracy might be founded on these shores, that character would immediately have become so much dead weight, for no such notion would have entered his head.

And in the second place, the historical novelist has very little concern —and that indirect—with all the subtle causes that long before had paved the way for the historic circumstances with which his story opens. The first duty of the novelist, therefore, is to shake off the historian's point of view entirely. That very important distinction between the verdict of posterity, which rightfully interests the historian, and the immediate point of view, which is the historical novelist's, leads to the further distinction that, while the historian is influenced by the effect of an historic event on a people's or a nation's destiny, the historical novelist cares only about its effect on the characters that he has created. No genuine work of art can be entirely devoid of moral judgment; but that inherent in a good historical novel is founded on a basis different from that of the best history.

The obligation of the historical novelist to consider rather this individual, commonplace, and often not very lofty view of his characters (who did not live their lives intent on making history) than the far more illuminating and superficially elevating view of the historian (whose characters, being military and political leaders, *did* live their lives intent on making history) is responsible undoubtedly for the occasional explosions by patriotic societies. Most of such acute complaints that follow the appearance of a perfectly sound historical novel are instituted on the erroneous thesis that the novelist is out to rewrite history, *i.e.,* to overthrow its verdict. He is, of course, attempting no such thing. What he is trying to do, since he cannot be ignorant of history, is to forget it in order that he may resurrect the past. In so doing, he can and frequently does amplify history, because his reconstruction involves details that history could not possibly be cluttered with. He may also present forgotten views which have long since been buried in oblivion by the great historic success of opposite ones, such as the very intense anti-democratic views and aristocratic tendency during Washington's administrations.



It is because these details of history are often unpleasant, and because political convictions which failed when the test came are unpopular, that the historical novelist concerned with such things sometimes finds himself accused of striving for sensational effects and roundly damned by jealous guardians — not of what happened in the past—but of what the past accomplished, of their own heritage and not of their own history.

As a department of literature, history is a biography of the race of man: it records, it judges, and it is built upon great, vast, and sweeping things—generalities almost. And the historical novel is simply a reconstruction of some segment of life in the past: it creates, it breathes, and it is circumscribed by the small things in the lives of its characters. The difference is not unlike that between philosophy and poetry. The material of both is the same, but the approach of the former is through vast things, bringing them down to the small terms of the individual's experience, while the approach of the latter is through little, well known things, expanding them to philosophic truths.

Moreover, the value of the historical novel is that it does deal with details, that it reconstructs the past, and that *a posteriori* considerations of the subject do not matter. Just as poetry makes one more intimate with, nearer to, and almost a very part of the philosophic experience, so does the historical novel, reducing history to the small, familiar terms of life, make the reader not merely a delver into the past, but almost one with it—a sharer in it. It is in this respect that many historical novels, which if judged solely as fiction would fare badly, have something to offer of value. No one would object to the American historical novel's attaining more maturity as literary form, exhibiting a little sounder characterization rather than setting characters adrift in a historic period, and going below the absorbing surface of surrounding historic circumstances to touch the core of living people. Until it does, however, and until it can be judged on the same literary grounds as the best contemporary fiction, its own peculiar worth should not be overlooked—not even if the deeper implications of a nation's suddenly discovering its own past are to be temporarily passed over. For there should be something beyond a reading fad in the host of historical fiction we have seen this last decade, since only when a people is sensitively aware of its past and its inheritance can its culture achieve dignity and stability.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANN ON GENIUS

(*Continued from page* 13)

recounts the events at Wetzlar and, weeping, cries that the business of falling in love with a girl already plighted, betokened parasitism. Riemer is succeeded by Adele Schopenhauer, the philosopher's spinsterish sister and Ottilie von Pogwisch's confidante. The little blue-stocking has come to beg Charlotte to use her influence to prevent the impending marriage of her friend to the poet's son. Her account of August von Goethe reveals both the degree to which the poet has sacrificed his half-degenerate son to himself and also opens her eyes to the possibility that Goethe's persistent flights might have been caused by a dim sense he ought never to marry, that he himself was an end of Nature's and of his line.

August now waits on Lotte with the poet's invitation to dinner on a succeeding day. Mysteriously attracted, he unbosoms himself. Lotte perceives a defective replica of his father in him and sees that in Ottilie he is pursuing, half for his father's sake, the type of woman whom Goethe always desired to hold in half-relationships, and, also, that some vengeful force is obliging the son to live out what his father evaded. The novel now moves back in time to dawn. The mood deepens: the reverse of the medal shows its face. Thrillingly we hear the voice of Goethe in an interior monologue, interrupted by brief conversations with his man-servant and the secretary John, as he wakes in bed in the house in the *Frauenplan,* breakfasts on coffee and zwieback, is shaved, and sits at his work-table. As from some golden bourne rises the free, warm, harmonious play of his thought and fancy. The calm self-confidence that is the kiss of Nature, grows plain; the unwillingness to interfere with her; the faith in her plan. Goethe is aware of the facts Lotte has been shown unearthing, but he is at one with his entire destiny. Then comes the priceless scene of the dinner party, with Goethe's variegated table-talk. Lotte perceives both Goethe's excessive sensuality, the unequalled glamour of his tongue, and his divination of her thoughts and her awareness of the degree to which the genius may be a misfortune to his fellows. The finale takes place in Goethe's carriage while he is conducting her from the play to her hotel. Briskly she informs him that his house resembles "some evil monarch's realm": he replies that his own life is the greatest of his sacrifices. Begging forgiveness, he proffers, in words recalling Goethe's poem "On Viewing Schiller's Skull," the artist's apology. His mission, like Nature's, is transformation. He consumes his friends and himself that the material may turn into spirit. Spirit is all that endures. Lotte has seen the divine mystery. She murmurs softly "Peace to thy old age!"

To claim that in this happy hybrid of Mann's the novel has altogether succeeded in solving its problem of representing the great intellectual, would be impossible. In his longer works of fiction invariably the genial narrator rather than the great novelist, Mann, in "The Beloved Returns" has not entirely succeeded in giving us the full impact of the force he is representing and its way of working itself out, as Balzac or Dostoievsky, for instance, would have given us the full impact. It is the sublimating, the creative power of the great intellectual that he is trying to convey; his approach to it, as to his entire material, is direct and episodic.

To deny that the book is unique, a highly rewarded, highly rewarding piece of work, is perhaps impossible. Mann has thoroughly dramatized his piercing vision with innumerable light and deft, oftentimes humorous, touches. Whatever temptations may have assailed him to drop into the comfortable form of the essay or of argument were thoroughly overcome: the various conflicting points of view are thoroughly emotionalized and integrated with the characters, while the characters, expressing themselves in their words by their attitudes and unconscious actions, represent the author's total vision. If the drama involves oppositions rather than strenuous contests of character, and in only one instant reflects a psychological development, and if it begins slowly, yet it nevertheless gathers momentum steadily and presses forward powerfully to its solution. Nowhere has Mann's extraordinary gift for character-presentation been exhibited to greater advantage. The most subtle traits differentiate major and minor characters, and Lotte's femininity pervades the book like a perfume from the moment when curiosity overcomes her initial disinclination to peer at the crowd and brings her to peep through the curtains. And nowhere has Mann's elegant style moved more sinuously and gracefully. (Our reference is to the German original, published in Sweden.) It curls itself about intricacies of thought, expresses itself in the finest shadings, and while maintaining a basic tone takes on color in conformity with the situation and the characters it is representing. The neo-classic period, Goethe and all, breathes again in it: it sets Mann more firmly than ever in the rank of the great German prosemen.

BE YOUR OWN

ENGLISH TEACHER

Speak and Write Faultless English

ARE you ever embarrassed by mistakes in your speech and writing? Are you tongue-tied before an audience? Do you shy at meeting people? Have you ever experienced sudden chills during your conversations?

Remember, people know you by your words. Your speech is the key to your personality and ability.

A complete mastery of English will put you far ahead among your business associates and friends. The word is the tool through which the great men of history have influenced people. The man who can speak effectively is a leader.

A Short-cut to Good English

One glaring error in English may lower you in the esteem of your friends. One bad sentence may stop you from getting that job or that order.

Do you know when to say "me" instead of "I"? Do you know when to say "present" and when to say "introduce"? Do you know when to use "would" and "should"? How extensive is your vocabulary? Do you use the same word over and over again? Do you grope for the striking word that will clinch your point?

Become a sparkling conversationalist and writer and learn to talk on your feet. Most people neglect to improve their speech and writing because they dislike sitting down with dry and tedious books, or because they cannot spare the time and patience necessary for class-room study. However, these objections need no longer bar you from a command of effective language.

There is not a dull page in **Better English.** Every article is designed to help you.

Would you risk one dollar on the chance of bettering your position in life? Becoming a speaker means becoming a Business and Social leader.

Better English brings the most prominent teachers of English into your home. Single copies are twenty-five cents at newsstands. Better yet, send **ONE DOLLAR** for a five months' trial subscription.

Address - Better English, Dept. S, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Campaigns

PERISH BY THE SWORD. By R. Ernest Dupuy. Harrisburg: Military Service Publishing Co. 302 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

FAST fading into the forgotten annals of military history, the Allied campaigns in Russia and Siberia between 1918 and 1920 have been vividly chronicled by Major Dupuy in a book which carries a lesson for all who care to read it. The military exploits described by the author are those of three distinct groups of men: the Czech Legion (*Czeska Druzina*), the American troops who participated in the Murmansk Expedition in North Russia, and the forces of the late General William S. Graves in Siberia. All gave an excellent account of themselves under conditions of anarchy and civil war; and all must have wondered, when they were evacuated, what they had accomplished by their sacrifice and their hardships.

The purpose of their separate missions was clear enough. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk had been signed in March, 1918. Russia was out of the war, and the Germans were able to transport to France both the bulk of their effectives from the East and a number of prisoners returned by the Bolsheviks. The great spring offensives of 1918 were under way. If an Eastern front could be reconstituted, if German troops could be pinned down in Russian territory, the strain would be eased for the main body of Anglo-French forces until the arrival of fresh American armies could finally turn the scales. Of course, new centers of resistance could not be established in the East without the destruction of Communist authority —which was held desirable on general grounds as well. But the reports of diplomatic observers, the American ambassador included, indicated a sublime faith that the Soviet régime would topple at the slightest push from outside.

This is the setting for the events of which Major Dupuy writes. During its two-year anabasis from the Ukraine to Vladivostok, the Czech legion shuttled back and forth along the Trans-Siberian railway and eventually found itself fighting the battles of Kolchak's degenerate White regime. American troops under blundering British command, supposedly dispatched to Archangel to guard material originally destined for the Czar's forces, suffered the rigors of bitter winter warfare against the Reds, in execution of a crack-brained scheme to invade Russia with 15,000 men. Even the Americans in Siberia were involved to some degree in the partisan civil war, despite the undoubted ability of General Graves. While Wilson had sent this contingent to help the Czechs and preserve Russian territorial integrity, the British and French were interested in ousting the Communists, and the Japanese in imperial aggrandizement. In the end the Czechs and the Americans left, and the whole enterprise was remembered as a bitter failure.

There was no lack, however, of courage and adventure in the skirmishes and battles of the three units. These have been depicted, with a large number of excellent photographs, in Major Dupuy's lively narrative. The lessons of the episode, too, are perfectly clear. American troops should not have been wasted under foreign command. They should not have participated in a military intervention designed in large part to influence the outcome of a civil war.

David H. Popper is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

National Defense

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. Senate Document No. 91, 76th Congress, 1st Session. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1940. 199 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY

TODAY the American people are interested, collectively and individually, in national defense. Soldiers may heave sighs of relief, and grumble "about time," but that is neither here nor there. The fact remains that military and naval doings are news. Such terms as "initial protective force," "industrial mobilization," "civilian components," and the like, cryptic to Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public, roll glibly off the daily press in the stories of increased armament.

In most cases, quite naturally, the writers themselves have no clear-cut idea of what they are writing about. News-getting ability alone—the uncanny knack of the reporter for wresting the meat from strange nuts—saves most news stories on professional subjects from utter idiocy, anyway. Reporters and copy-readers — all the writing confraternity, in fact, should gladly welcome "The Army of the United States" as a *vade mecum.*

This government document—beautifully illustrated, by the way—fits most appropriately into the portrayal of the American picture today. Written in clear, common-sense language, it explains the components of the Army of the United States — Regular, National Guard, and Reserve, their duties and training. It dips into the basic scope of the Industrial Mobilization Plan, details the various arms and branches of the service, and the Army educational scheme. The Army's non-military activities, such as flood relief, are also adequately treated.

Objection may be made that most of the tabulations of strength close as of June 30, 1939, although the Regular Army divisional organization is given as of September 30, 1939, when the initial "stream-lined" organization was in effect. This, however, does not militate against the book, since it is in effect a description of the foundation and scaffold upon which (it is to be hoped) an adequate Army of the United States is building. Those increases today in being and those to come, must be built upon this framework. So here we have a springboard for all discussions and description of our Army.

The make-up is excellent, the typography clean. The striking illustrations have been most carefully selected.

Major R. Ernest Dupuy is the author of "Perish by the Sword."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MAYHEM IN B-FLAT *Eliot Paul* (Random House: $2.)	Fabulous fiddle swiped at Paris concert. Hot on trail, sleuth Evans encounters two envenomed corpses, and then the sky falls in.	Sizzling concoction of murder, merriment, and madness, which, this time, gets slightly out of control—if you care to notice it.	Wild and pretty wonderful
SHE'LL BE DEAD BY MORNING *Dana Chambers* (Dial: $2.)	Sudden death of bedeviled N. Y. tycoon, kidnaping of sleuth's wife, and much more dirty work untangled by redoubtable J. Steele.	Rapidly boiling brew of poison, dope, gun-powder, and greed for gold. Prestissimo tempo slurs over certain failings.	High explosive
THEY HUNTED A FOX *Alice Campbell* (Scribner's: $2.)	Pink coats in English hunting country put over jumps by Inspector Headcorn, out to solve trick murder and straight murder.	Ingenious "relayed" killing needed coincidental breaks. But that's what crime writers are for. Excellent sporting atmosphere.	O.K.
THE LAUGHING FOX *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Dead man in their Iowa hotel room momentarily annoys book-peddling sleuths Fletcher and Cragge, who nab killer in explosive finish.	Choice data on dice-manipulating, silver foxes and gate-crashing. Also copper-riveted plot, speedy action and hard-boiled badinage.	Natural!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

RAIN BEFORE SEVEN. By John August. Little, Brown. 1940. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

For a genuine thriller with the most modern political content, this fills the requirements. Espionage has always been a staple for adventure, but here we have all that the latest headlines are implying: Nazi spies, British counter-spies (with chilling traitorous complications), sabotage in an American tool factory, a Communist organizer murdered by the Nazi (is that really up to date?), and a Yankee ex-soldier driving into the rumpus. This summary does not, in truth, do the story justice; it is far more organized and suspensefull. The elements of time and danger are kept at high pitch, with a series of interlocked climaxes that are endlessly diverting. For those who want it with their adventure, there is romance, two of them in fact, kept skillfully in the air at the same time. Mr. August gives it everything.

N. L. R.

WHEN IN THE COURSE. By Harry Leon Wilson. Kinsey, 1940. $2.

The fact that it has now been more than a year since Mr. Wilson's death indicates that he or his literary executor or both had doubts about whether to publish the present novel at all; it is something of a pity that the decision was affirmative. It is not that it is a very bad book, for Mr. Wilson was incapable of writing a completely bad book, but the thesis that furnishes the greater part of its text was over-age and badly hackneyed before Mr. Wilson's death and the little comedy which the author uses as a vehicle for his idea that capitalistic democracy is infinitely superior in its effects to Stalinist communism is much too frivolous and artificial to carry that venerable notion through 244 pages.

The book's obvious intention of preaching a patriotic sermon is laudable enough but the pulpit needs fresh paint. A young capitalist comes home from college with pink tendencies and meets a young female capitalist who drives a large car at terrific speeds and has only three serious ideas in her handsome head—to make the hero stop the political nonsense, quit overeating, and reduce and marry her. With the assistance of the hero's three maiden aunts and his resigned, realistic, and reasonably amusing uncle, the heroine manages all of these matters without much difficulty, to the accompaniment of no end of chauvinistic dialogue from all kinds of people.

That is enough whipping to do on this particular horse, except to mention that the romance is filled with mechanical and nostalgic traces of the mad and delightful devices of "Bunker Bean" and "Merton of the Movies." But every time the author seems to be getting his running legs he stumbles over his soap box.

It is fair to suggest that Mr. Wilson may have written this book while the parlor pink was still an object of legitimate amusement in America, before it was tiresomely apparent that Stalin's only route to Heaven for the Russian worker was via Finland.

P. S.

SOMETHING SPECIAL. By Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 293 *pp.* $2.

This latest novel by Faith Baldwin —it brings her list up close to half a hundred—is in most ways enough like all its predecessors to be as popular. It has the same easy, witty, and fast moving style; it has the same beautiful girls and well groomed men for characters; and it has a plot that carries the story and its men and women from one gay glamour spot to another. It's a Faith Baldwin Novel.

Andrea and Gaylord Meridith have been married fourteen years exactly when their story opens. Divorce to right of them, divorce to left of them, but they are happy in themselves and see no need for change. They are even something of a tradition in their own bright, changeful circle. They can be pointed out as proof that monogamy still exists in the best families. And then! For a gift in celebration of this excellent marital adventure, Gay gives Andrea a "business." Perhaps it would not have been quite so disastrous if the business, interior decorating to be exact, had not included a breath-taking young Frenchman to help carry on. But with him as assistant to Andrea and with a children's nurse of some charm to listen to Gay's plaints of misunderstanding the Meridith record for fidelity bids fair to take a cracking. In the end, as you have already surmised, the danger is passed and all signals are set for good weather ahead. And in the meantime the reader has been to all the best places, heard a great deal of witty conversation, and discovered that people, in novels at least, act very much as they do in the movies.

G. G.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 334)

PHILLIS WHEATLEY*

IMAGINATION

Imagination! . . . . . .
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind,
. . . . . .
Measure the skies, and range the realms above.
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze the unbounded soul.

*(Negro servant to John Wheatley of Boston.)

History

LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By W. A. Ferris. Edited by Paul C. Phillips. Denver: The Old West Publishing Co. 1940. 365 *pp., with index.* $5.

It is safe to say that this publication, after nearly one hundred years, of Ferris's long-sought "Diary of Wanderings on the Sources of the Rivers Missouri, Columbia, and Colorado from February, 1830, to November, 1835," is a distinctive addition to the waiting files of Western Americana. At twenty Warren Angus Ferris, a New York Stater of descent from John and Priscilla Alden, joined the ranks of the American Fur Company in St. Louis as trapper and was soon promoted to clerk. His narrative as it ran consecutively in *The Western Literary Messenger,* Buffalo, N. Y., 1843-1844, has been an *ignis fatuus* to students of the Far West fur-trade period.

Apparently no complete file of the *Messenger* for those years existed. Mr. Fred A. Rosenstock, Denver collector, in 1939 finally turned up Volume II, which contained missing installments and filled out the last gap. His search for Ferris material carried him east

Wives, too!

At the Hotel Roosevelt they are so close to smart shops and all other attractions of mid-town New York, that they never—well, hardly ever—complain about the time their busy husbands spend popping about town from meeting to meeting . . . Roosevelt convenience, in the heart of Manhattan, enables folks to see and do more—in comfort . . . Try it!

Restful Rooms, from $4.00

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*
MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

ONLY 20 MINUTES BY EXPRESS SUBWAY TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and west and south into Texas. Singularly enough, Professor Phillips of the Department of History, Montana University, was trying to do what he might with fragments of the Ferris narrative. The two entered upon a collaboration which has resulted in this well-printed, well-bound, well-organized book, containing not only the Ferris narrative but much elucidative matter: a first-hand map, by Ferris, of the fur country as known by him; a sketch of the ups and downs of the *Literary Messenger;* a biography of Ferris, who died, "a stockily built, elderly man, somewhat crippled," of past little known, upon his plantation near Dallas, Texas, in 1873; a chapter, by Dr. Phillips, upon Rocky Mountain fur-trade exploration previous to the Ferris travels; and an Appendix of fugitives articles by Ferris descriptive of Indian tribes and ways—with a brief account, 1842, of the "Chanion of the Colorado."

"Life in the Rocky Mountains" as now put between covers is especially valuable as a check upon other fur-trade narratives of the period. It is moreover encyclopedic in its information of trail and camp practices, for Ferris set down all the details, day to day. The prospective reader may judge the scope of the narrative by the sequence of section headings: "Expedition to the Fur Country," "Rivals in the Fur Trade," "White Traders and the Indians," "Hostile Indians," "Defeat of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company," "The Flathead Trade," "The Utes and Their Country," "Indians of the Northwest." Comment and cross references in the footnotes by Professor Phillips amplify the text.

E. L. S.

IF! . . .

YOU PLAY PIANO OR VIOLIN—TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE TWO EXTRAORDINARY

MUSIC OFFERS!!

THE PIANIST'S MUSIC SHELF. The famous 8 volume library of the World's Great Music (for the piano) from Bach through Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, etc. to Tschaikowsky. 430 most important compositions of all time, practically the entire standard repertoire of piano music. More than 1,600 pages. Standard sheet music size, 9 x 12. Semi-stiff binding. Sheet music value is over $200.00. Published at $20.00. The 8 volume set **$7.49**

THE VIOLINIST'S MUSIC SHELF. The famous 8 volume library of the World's Great Music (for the violin) from Bach through Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, etc. to Tschaikowsky. Piano accompaniment included. 339 most important compositions of all time, practically the entire standard repertoire of violin music. More than 2,000 pages. Standard sheet music size, 9 x 12. Semi-stiff binding. Sheet music value is over $200.00. Published at $20.00. The 8 volume set **$7.49**

BARGAIN BOOK CO.
25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

WHERE ARE THE CUSTOMERS' YACHTS? By Fred Schwed, Jr. Simon & Schuster. 1940. 215 *pp.* $1.75.

Most of the more or less hilarious spoofing of Wall Street between book covers in the past has dealt with the plight of the amateur speculator who shouts, with a famous manager of prize-fighters, "We was robbed!" Mr. Schwed's book is of a different order. A Wall Street man himself (possibly not very busy just now), he has meditated on the essential absurdity of the fact that the magnificent southern tip of Manhattan Island, with its turnover of a couple of billions a month even in bad times, is built on man's passion for predicting the unpredictable and trying to make money that way. This has maddened the reformers, puzzled the serious thinkers, and made professional Wall Streeters solemn above most men. The author makes telling cracks at bankers, brokers, statisticians, and the lay population of the Street. "Did Mr. Mike Meehan put Radio up, or did Radio put Mr. Meehan up?" But underneath the surface of foolery runs an excellent account of how Wall Street really operates. On a still deeper level is a stratum of wise comment which ought to be worth a good deal more than the price of the book to those who will take time to think between laughs. A certain epic quality attaches to Mr. Schwed's recital of how Jehovah, irritated with the sight of a silver bowl of five-cent pieces in a commuters' club car, aimed a kick at the offending vessel and wrecked the boom of 1929. Peter Arno's drawings sharpen the humorous point of the text but do not overshadow it.

P. H.

Philosophy

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD. By W. T. Stace. Princeton University Press. 1940. 262 *pp., with index.* $3.

The apparently immodest title of this book conceals a harmless essay in phenomenalist metaphysics. The author, formerly of the British Civil Service and now of the philosophy department at Princeton, would call himself a metaphysician in order to distinguish himself from those who, distrusting metaphysics, prefer the name of philosopher of science. Since science comprehends only one special sector of the world while metaphysics embraces it in its entirety, Professor Stace believes that the realistic metaphysic of science must be supplanted by phenomenalism. Accordingly, he supplies his own brand of phenomenalism in terms of a "theory of cells." These cells, as ultimate metaphysical units, have only a metaphorical relationship to biological cells and possess the two attributes of consciousness and datum. The whole construction works itself around to the usual metaphysical problems, including value and God, but is much too complicated to allow for elaboration here. No one who is not familiar with the works of Moore, Montague, Price, Russell, and Whitehead should make an attempt to read it. In fact, no one should have made such an attempt to write a "histological" metaphysic without coming to terms with John Dewey, if only to salvage his own problems from the obsolescence to which Dewey has consigned them.

R. B.

Travel

THE NEW NOAH'S ARK. By André Demaison. Macmillan. 1940. 294 *pp.* $2.50.

At the age of twenty-three, when he should have been "a mere junior clerk in business," André Demaison found himself master of his own ship, supreme ruler over a kingdom of twenty tons. Aboard the two-masted schooner *Noah's Ark,* he coasted West Africa, slipping quietly in and out of tropical estuaries like a slave-trading picaroon of old, palavering with black men, grazing the unseen dangers of a dark continent, eventually meeting shipwreck on its treacherous shoals. His was a twentieth-century cargo of wild animals for the zoölogical collections of France, not of wild men for the cotton-fields of America. Before long, the narrow space of his Ark was crowded with monkeys, chimpanzees, a lion, a panther, an elephant, a hippopotamus, a buffalo, and a large assortment of the smaller mammals and birds.

M. Demaison is not a naturalist, and the descriptions of animal-behavior that he gives here lack the interest of shrewd observation. The lion, Doud, who became the prime pet on board, was evidently indistinguishable in his behavior from a large affectionate dog, as were Koffi and Nina, the chimpanzees. The canine virtues are what the author looks for in animals; without them he finds no virtue at all, as he found none in the hippopotamus and buffalo. He is a sentimentalist, in his appreciation of animals and also in his understanding of the tropical continent that was the setting for his adventures. But he lacks the compensating grace of humor, the saving discipline of science, or the original vision that makes sentiment digestible. After all, this edge of Africa that he describes is, to the reader, the Africa of Saint Exupéry, of Anne Lindbergh, or Conrad's Marlowe, a land transfigured repeatedly by the finest literary imaginations of our times. The *Romance à l'Africain* which M. Demaison now serves up is commonplace by comparison, as though made from standard recipes. When, for instance, he offers such statements as: "In Africa, more

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than anywhere, it would seem that all events are inscribed beforehand in the Great Book of Destiny," the reader feels, in view of the context, that he is not expressing a meaningful personal conviction, a vision of his own, but merely following accepted directions for producing the old dish. A pinch of sententiousness was called for at that point.

Mr. Eric Sutton's translation from the French is smooth throughout, and is accompanied by attractive pen-and-ink sketches at the chapter-heads.

L. J. H., Jr.

A UNICORN IN THE BAHAMAS. By Rosita Forbes. Dutton. 1940. 244 *pp.* $3.

Female explorers, unfortunately, no matter how vivid their findings, are likely to be regarded as creatures resembling the old comic strip suffragettes. Rosita Forbes is not of these; she is a blithe and gracious traveller, witty, intrepid, sensitive in perception and, at times, seasick. The jungles, the deserts, the forbidden cities of the East have welcomed her and given to her prodigally the secrets of which she makes her books. In this latest, however, she has found time for the history and stable beauty of places which she rather skimped before, when danger was her goal. Compassion is quick in her now, and she can write more fluently of exquisite things, noting, for instance, "the posy of fish" which Bahamian women will transport on their hats, or the wine tone of a skin, or the simple sea. She has time to enjoy and suffer them; it looks indeed, as if she wished to settle down and live.

In "These Are Real People" she avowed witchcraft, and with good reason; here she admits the unicorn as a beast so real to her and so desirable that she must seek it through all the Bahamian isles. She tells succinctly the whole story of the islands, of their discovery and rediscovery, of the Eleutheran Adventures, of the pirates and wreckers and bloody Woodes Rogers, the thief, acting Governor, to catch his fellow thieves. The Bahamas next served as a base of supplies for the Confederate blockade runners, and most recently, continuing their tradition of adventure, made millions from the American bootleg trade.

Now, writes Miss Forbes, the islands like herself are settling down; the many natives she talked with explained that the Government was becoming real, "'like de Lawd.'" Agriculture is replacing the blighted sponge-fishing industry on mysterious Andros, where bush blacks still practise their savage African magic in the interior, and perhaps a few of the original Lucayans dwell. Real estate is booming; and such is this author's interest in people and her power to depict them that her friends the white realtors become nearly as appealing as the somnolent, eloquent natives, whose words are "like juice crushed slowly out of full-bodied fruit."

H. D.

TRADE WINDS

P .E. G. QUERCUS

No, Just Browsing!

The browser is a loathsome critter,
Who makes the thoughts of bookmen bitter;
He sneaks unseen from store to store,
Looking the treasured volume o'er.
His greedy fingers are like claws,
His pocketbook is lined with moths;
His spongy brain is filled with pelf
He pilfered from some bookman's shelf;
And does he BUY this furtive crook?
Nay, brother, not a single book!

GENE BOARDMAN HOOVER.

THE above are not necessarily Old Q.'s sentiments, however. Before the verse gets into anthologies we hope G. B. H. will revise the rhyme *claws-moths?* ☞Edgar W. Smith suggests that the remarkable passage about the bitter east wind, at the end of *His Last Bow* (one of the Sherlock Holmes volumes) keeps coming into many minds nowadays and is heartening to reread. ☞We tried to persuade two publishers to put *The Riddle of the Sands* back into print, where it belongs; both denied us; now we are urging Mr. De Graff's Pocket Books to make an honest wallaby of it. ☞Gay Beaman of Los Angeles says he laughed so hard at the line "Très snob, presque cad" that a lady in the street car got up and changed her seat. We should have given Jan Struther credit for giving us the gag. ☞For students of the history that really counts in the long run there could hardly be a bigger 25c worth than the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Printing—with annotations of important works from Gutenberg to *Mein Kampf*—held last May at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England. The show opened May 6 and was closed aften ten days on account of risk of air raids. This catalogue, published here by Macmillan (25c), is to our taste one of the big things of the year. ☞An English book club published its own edition of Robert Bridges's famous anthology *The Spirit of Man* "just when the storm of steel was breaking over our heads." To their astonishment 2,000 copies went off faster than almost anything they had recommended to their subscribers. They remark that Bridges's book (now serving in its second World War) "is so instinct with light that we

A coupon as is a coupon—

it has space enough for the most *sprawling* signature

SRL 824

The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Ave., N. Y. City

SIRS: I know from this issue of *The Saturday Review* that I want to read the next fourteen, at your special trial offer of $1. Remittance herewith.

_____

_____

_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought of blacking out the copies at night."

★ ★

☞We realized, while eating shish kebab at the Golden Horn restaurant with Mr. W. S. Hall, that his mention of a favorite book (in jocular verse last week) was in lighter vein. *The* book of the year, to his taste, he keeps telling us, is the late John Buchan's memoir soon to be published. If Houghton Mifflin want a potent enthusiasm from one of the shrewdest readers in the business they will do well to apply to W. S. H. at 449 Fourth Avenue. ☞Billy the Oysterman, well known monger of fishfoods on 47 Street, admitted to us that he had no recipe for our old favorite *kedgeree*. We were able to refer him to p. 244 of the *Fish and Sea Food Cook Book* by C. R. B. Brown (Lippincott). ☞Once in the book trade, no one stays away from it long. The admired Mrs. Helen Mahler Mack, formerly of Doubleday and Lippincott, after some months' furlough is back in harness with Wilfred Funk, Inc. If Mrs. Mack ever writes her reminiscences we hope she will narrate how she served as show-window and telephone soprano for the Smallest Publishing House in the World, whose only outlet into actual traffic was the loan of a telephone number during lunch hour. That imprint was Messrs. Henry, Longwell & Another; we hear it said that they have another venture in mind for this Xmas? ☞Arthur Bell on Cape Cod notes that Mr. Hough whose *Country Editor* is deservedly praised, is not the only country editor in the Hough family. His brother edits Mr. Bell's favorite paper, the Falmouth *Enterprise* on Cape Cod.

★ ★

☞Apropos reprints, a New England teacher says the cause of good writing would be well served by a cheap edition of Fowler's *Modern English Usage* (Oxford Press). At its present price of $3.25, he suggests, "it is impossible for college teachers to persuade their illiterate charges to acquire and use it." ☞Leon Gelber, 336 Sutter St., San Francisco, says the question "Where can I find the romantic story of California in one volume?" is asked him at least once a week. He suggests that *Queen Calafia's Land* by L. B. Elwood, just issued in limited edition by the Grabhorn Press (only 200 copies for public sale, at $6) fills the need for collectors. ☞Another California liveliness is The Conference Press at 440 N. Harper Ave., Los Angeles. This began when three college boys who admired Saroyan drove from their U. C. L. A. campus to a Hollywood studio and hunted him out. First thing they knew they had formed a publishing house with a staff of four vice presidents and published Saroyan's *Three Times Three*. Undismayed they are going off the deep end again, this time with Gertrude Stein's *What Are Masterpieces*. 1,000 copies are due October 1, at $2.50. ☞Incidentally we know Saroyan enthusiasts who go to eat at a certain restaurant because W. S. mentions it in one of the prefaces in *Three Plays*, coming from Harcourt. ☞Among the celebrations at Cooperstown next week will be Folk Lore Night (Aug. 29) at which Prof. Harold W. Thompson (author of that excellent plum pudding of N. Y. State legend, *Body, Boots and Britches*) will be in charge of oldtime dancing and balladry. As a dancer our friend is slightly ursine, but at the piano there is no dexterity more enjoyable. ☞Elizabeth Wood (Germantown, Pa.) has just written to say that *The Riddle of the Sands* can be got from Tyrrell, bookseller in Toronto, at $1 postpaid, in a school edition, which is interesting.

★ ★

☞Unintended irony—or misery—was suggested to us by a memo sent from Librairie Naville & Cie., Geneva, to Messrs. Snyder and Hall who sell U. S. books abroad. It said simply: "Send us one copy of Millis, *Why Europe Fights.*"

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HANDWRITING scientifically analyzed. Detailed, sincere, helpful. $3.—With vocational advice $5.—Send 15 penwritten lines. State age, sex. Dr. Alfred Reiss (Ph.D.) 1775 Broadway, New York.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Flexible accommodations; one room $62.50 per month (yearly rate); two rooms $100 per month; furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. Walter J. Weaver, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

DO YOU INSIST on simple wholesome cooking? Is one of your "musts" extra comfortable beds? Do you enjoy grand mountain scenery . . . badminton . . . fishing . . . large concrete swimming pool . . . tennis, etc? Then come to Ferncroft, "a mountain Inn where nature and hospitality are richly bountiful." Booklet "L" will tell you all about this famous 700-acre resort in the heart of the Sandwich range of mountains. Only $26 to $39 weekly. FERNCROFT, WONALANCET, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

OLDTIMER, snowed under by kind words from society, hereby thanks all his new friends but sincerely regrets inability to write to all of them.

PERSONALS

CULTURED YOUNG MAN, 26, stenographer, book lover, omniverous reader, desires position on book store, library, or publishing house anywhere. Box 990-D.

TO LET—Furnished Apartments and Cottages. By week or month. Heat, Lights, Gas and Refrigeration furnished. Prices $10 to $20 per week. Apply: Mount Adams House and Cottages, North Woodstock, N. H.

SACRIFICE RENTAL of charming furnished home. Killingworth, Conn., on Route 80, 18 mi. east of New Haven, 7 mi. from Madison. Completely modern. Automatic oil heat installated. 5 rooms, 2 baths, 36 ft. living room with gallery, 2 fireplaces, 2 bedrooms, garage, guest house, lawn, rock garden, located on private stream and lake. From September 1st to July 1st. $1,000. Box 991-D.

NEW ENGLANDER, feminine, 28, idealistic, slightly shy, seeks gentleman correspondent interested in books, music, travel. Box 992-D.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn. A delightful place all year round. Hills, woods, and water. Excellent food.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts, if you enjoy the outdoors, a lovely 250-acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf! Outdoor Swimming Pool! Tennis! Nature Trails! For further details write A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

LATE VACATIONS with diversions, good company, grand meals, at real oldtime farm homestead. Accessible. Protestant family. The Farm on the Hill, Box 229, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

Come to SHATTUCK INN, nestled 'neath Monadnock Mountain, for your fall vacation . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals. Selected clientele. For Booklet write George L. Austermann, Jaffrey, New Hampshire.

WOULD TRADE comfortable apartment—six months—to male writer, convalescent, refugee for part time property supervision. Box 988-D.

ENGLISHLADY, writer, would like to hear from amusing, unusual people. Art. Letters. Life. (References). Box 989-D.

"SUN DRENCHED PATIOS of MiCasa offer still, as they have since 1719, something of the peace one dreams of but seldom finds. Companionship if you want it, horses if you like and incomparable cuisine." (Excerpt from guest's letter). Come to La Luz, New Mexico. Write Osborne Wood.

BEAUTIFUL ROOMS. Excellent food. 2 blocks to River. Reasonable. Otego Inn, Otego, N. Y.

BARTERS

Limited to the exchange of goods or services. Rate 10c a word. Remittance with order.

NEW YORKER WILL EXCHANGE Omega enlarger, 2¼ x 2¼ negatives, without lens, with easel and enamelled pans, practically new, value $55—for man's English geared bicycle plus $10, or for equivalent amount of cash. Box 128-A.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

GENERAL

ADVICE, INSTRUCTION, TIMELY ARTICLES, plenty of real meat! See "If Willkie Were President," "It's Your Nerves," "Astrological Magnets," "War in Heaven," "Shadows Before"—all in Wynn's Astrology Magazine for September.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

FIRST EDITIONS

DEFINITIVE CHECK-LIST OF CHRISTOPHER MORLEY! Our Catalogue No. 4 due Sept. 15, the complete Morley collection of the late Dr. Alfred Lee, the Morley bibliographer. Approx. 600 items. Limited to 750 copies. Send 50c (no stamps) for your copy. THE FRANKLIN BOOKSHOP, 107 S. Twelfth St., Philadelphia.

GOOD BOOKS AND FIRST EDITIONS. Books by Walt Whitman. Our short lists on request. Alfred Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

"ASK SHARAN." He has them. BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS. 90 Years of Backnumbers. SHARAN'S, 111 W. 17th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied, all subjects. Send your want list to—PERSONAL MAIL BOOK SERVICE, 258-5th Ave., New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, IN or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

FOR SAVINGS on publishers' overstock, write for catalog. Bargain Books, 25 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS! DOES YOUR LITERARY PLATFORM include short stories, novels, articles, books or juveniles? If it's the publishers' vote you're after, let us manage your campaign. Constructive criticism, editing, typing at moderate fees. Sales, of course. Send for free booklet. LYONS & ETTER, 280 Madison, N. Y. C.

YOUR STORIES, BOOKS, NOVELS SOLD. Clients on Best-Seller Lists and in national magazines. Fiction, non-fiction writers advised, promoted. Unknown authors assisted. Highly recommended aid for revision, publication. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

RESEARCH FOR WRITERS AND LECTURERS. Thesis work, research papers, speeches, special articles developed by experienced research and editorial staff. STANDARD RESEARCH ASSOCIATES, 140 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. Tel. WIsconsin 7-5477.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY TYPED, 1,000 words or fraction thereof, 30c; 2 carbon copies. Jean Nevins, 630 West 138th St., N. Y.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References, 1142—4th Avenue, Los Angeles, California, REpublic 8644.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

BOOKPLATES

FREE ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR. Distinctive designs, beautiful printing. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Double-Crostics: No. 335

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-G	2-X		3-G	4-R	5-N		6-Q	7-V	8-G	9-T	10-P	11-B	12-C	13-W		14-L
15-U	16-C	17-S	18-G	19-W		20-H	21-R	22-U	23-O		24-E	25-B		26-A	27-E	28-F
	29-E	30-B		31-X	32-N	33-F		34-X	35-F	36-N	37-D	38-I		39-D	40-M	
41-S	42-F	43-T	44-R	45-X	46-O	47-L	48-D		49-E	50-W	51-S	52-G	53-K		54-G	55-X
56-J	57-W	58-L	59-Q		60-J	61-H	62-C	63-V	64-W	65-M	66-U	67-L		68-N	69-B	70-E
71-C	72-J	73-K		74-E	75-D	76-F		77-H	78-A	79-V	80-M	81-K	82-L		83-G	84-E
	85-Q	86-G	87-M	88-I	89-K	90-P	91-V	92-J		93-M	94-D	95-F		96-I	97-R	98-U
99-V	100-C	101-A	102-W		103-W	104-J	105-H	106-T	107-A	108-K	109-V	110-Q		111-P	112-K	
113-C	114-G	115-N		116-X	117-H	118-S	119-J	120-E	121-L	122-T	123-D	124-N	125-C	126-K		127-N
128-U		129-A	130-D	131-O		132-W	133-X	134-R	135-O	136-V	137-B	138-D	139-I	140-U	141-E	
142-O	143-V	144-K	145-W	146-L	147-U	148-I	149-R	150-P	151-S	152-T	153-H	154-Q		155-R	156-D	
157-C	158-E	159-P		160-D	161-R	162-M	163-G	164-T		165-I	166-N	167-F	168-V	169-Q	170-J	171-S

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Sudden turns of the mind.

B. Saul's cousin and general.

C. Founder of Dartmouth College.

D. Vegetable in nutrition.

E. Pertaining to a peculiar characteristic.

F. Attendant of Lady Anne *(Richard III)*.

G. Disentangled from difficulties.

H. Openly acknowledged.

I. Aggressive person (colloq.)

J. Corrupted or festered.

K. Made an official note of.

L. Prevails on.

M. Quarreled petulantly.

N. Blindness.

O. Narrow stretches of land.

P. Temper, anger (colloq.)

Q. Captured by wile.

R. Members of an African secret cannibal society.

S. Light deck extending over the main deck without openings.

T. Lunges (verb).

U. Criminal tramps (slang).

V. Buoyancy.

W. Existing independent of mind (philos.)

X. Volatile variety of petroleum.

WORDS

26	129	78	107	101					
69	11	30	25	137					
113	157	100	125	12	62	16	71		
94	39	160	138	123	75	156	48	130	37
29	141	158	84	49	27	74	24	120	70
167	42	76	33	28	95	35			
163	86	3	8	1	54	114	83	52	18
117	77	61	20	153	105				
165	139	148	96	38	88				
104	56	60	72	170	92	119			
53	108	89	81	144	126	112	73		
58	82	14	146	121	67	47			
93	80	162	40	87	65				
36	127	68	5	124	115	32	166		
23	46	142	135	131					
10	150	90	159	111					
59	85	6	110	169	154				
155	44	134	4	97	149	21	161		
17	51	118	151	171	41				
152	122	9	106	43	164				
128	15	98	66	147	22	140			
63	143	136	99	168	109	7	79	91	
50	132	103	13	145	102	64	57	19	
2	55	34	116	45	31	133			

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Books

New York's No. 1 best seller
(reported by the *N. Y. Times*)

Mrs MINIVER

by JAN STRUTHER

One of those rare and very different books. Don't miss it. *5th printing*, $2.00

Third big printing

Mildred Walker's
The Brewers' Big Horses

"One of the finest American novels of the summer." — *Raleigh News Observer.*
$2.50

NEW, REVISED EDITION

J. Russell Smith's
North America

This basic work completely rewritten in the light of 1940, the perfect guide to this rich continent. *With many maps.* $6.00

A brilliant first novel by

Peter Viertel
The Canyon

A very young novelist is introduced by this tender story of adolescence. $2.50

The new novel by the author of
"THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER"

L. H. Myers

of whom Clifton Fadiman has said: "It is improbable that there is another English novelist writing more tranquilly perfect prose."

The Pool of Vishnu

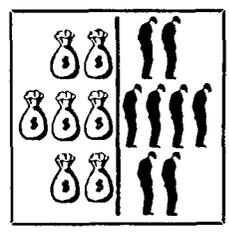
"THE POOL OF VISHNU carries on the adventures of the family of the Rajah Amar in the days of the great Mogul Emperor of India, Akbar. But although it places an eventful story of intrigue, war and personal exploit in that setting, its chief interest is not in historical incident in 16th century India, but in man's eternal quest for an inner solution to the problem of life... The blending of philosophy and incident is a beautifully written novel, focused in the subtle searching of man's spirit."—*New York Herald Tribune.*
412 pages, $2.75

A challenging, hopeful book about America by

Stuart Chase

Idle Money Idle Men

How to Put Them Both to Work



A guide through the new economic world which has closed in upon us since the 1930's. What has happened to the classical economic formulas? And what generation has ever had such vast problems as today's, or such threat of insecurity? Seeking a realistic answer to the problems of idle capital, idle workers, unbalanced budgets, saturated markets, Stuart Chase points a way out, and not by invoking Marx, Adam Smith, or a dictator. One of the most vital books of this vital election year. $2.00

Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED